This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07495041 5

...BRARY

LUCTOR ET ORIOSA FACIT

Lenox Collection.
1870.

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING,

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.
The MERCHANT *of* VENICE.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
TAMING *the* SHREW.

LONDON:

Printed for *J.* and *P. Knapton*, *S. Birt*, *T. Longman*, *H. Lintot*, *C. Hitch*, *J. Hodges*, *J. Brindley*, *J.* and *R. Tonson* and *S. Draper*, *B. Dod*, and *C. Corbet*.

MDCC LII.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

H. Gravelet in & del

Vol. 2. P. 3.

G. V.de Gucht Sculp

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.
Leonato, *Governor of* Meſſina.
Don John, *Baſtard Brother to Don* Pedro.
Claudio, *a young Lord of* Florence, *Favourite to Don* Pedro.
Benedick, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favour'd likewiſe by Don* Pedro.
Balthazar, *Servant to Don* Pedro.
Antonio, *Brother to* Leonato.
Borachio, *Confident to Don* John.
Conrade, *Friend to* Borachio.
Dogberry, Verges, } *two fooliſh Officers.*

Hero, *Daughter to* Leonato.
Beatrice, *Neice to* Leonato.
Margaret, Urſula, } *two Gentlewomen, attending on* Hero.

A Frier, Meſſenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE, *Meſſina* in *Sicily.*

(1) MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Court before* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, Hero, *and* Beatrice, *with a Meſſenger.*

LEONATO.

I Learn in this letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Meſſina.*

Meſſ. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you loſt in this action?

Meſſ. But few of any Sort, and none of Name.

Leon. A victory is twice it ſelf, when the atchiever brings home full numbers; I find here, that Don *Pedro*

(1) *Much Ado* about *Nothing*] *Innogen*, (the Mother of *Hero*) in the oldeſt *Quarto* that I have ſeen of this Play, printed in 1600, is mention'd to enter in two ſeveral Scenes. The ſucceeding Editions have all continued her Name in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*. But I have ventur'd to expunge it; there being no mention of her thro' the Play, no one Speech addreſs'd to her, nor one Syllable ſpoken by her. Neither is there any

dro hath beſtow'd much honour on a young *Florentine*, call'd *Claudio*.

Meſſ. Much deſerved on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro:* he hath borne himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in *Meſſina* will be very much glad of it.

Meſſ. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that joy could not ſhew it ſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindneſs. There are no faces truer than thoſe that are ſo-waſh'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Montanto* return'd from the wars or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that name, Lady; there was none ſuch in the army of any Sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, Neice?

Hero. My Couſin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua*.

Meſſ. O, he's return'd, and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. He ſet up his bills here in *Meſſina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the flight; and my Uncle's fool, reading the challenge, ſubſcrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in theſe wars? but how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

one Paſſage, from which we have any Reaſon to determine that *Hero*'s Mother was living. It ſeems, as if the Poet had in his firſt Plan deſign'd ſuch a Character; which, on a Survey of it, he found would be ſuperfluous; and therefore he left it out.

Leon.

Leon. 'Faith, Neice, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſervice, Lady, in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomach.

Meſſ. And a good ſoldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good ſoldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

Meſſ. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, ſtufft with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is ſo, indeed: (2) he is no leſs than a ſtufft man: but for the ſtuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You muſt not, Sir, miſtake my Neice; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there's a ſkirmiſh of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by That. In our laſt conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that if he have wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new ſworn brother.

Meſſ. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible; he wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

(2)——*he is no leſs than a ſtufft man: but for the Stuffing well, we are all mortal.*] Thus has this Paſſage been all along *ſtop'd*, from the very firſt Edition downwards. If any of the Editors could extract Senſe from this Pointing, their Sagacity is a Pitch above mine. I believe, by my Regulation, I have retriev'd the Poet's true Meaning. Our Poet ſeems to uſe the Word *Stuffing* here much as *Plautus* does in his *Moſtellaria*; Act. 1. Sc. 3.

Non Veſtem amatores mulieris amant, ſed Veſtis fartum.

Meſſ. I ſee, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my Study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? is there no young ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the company of the right noble *Claudio.*

Beat. O lord, he will hang upon him like a diſeaſe; he is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*; it will coſt him a thouſand pounds ere he be cur'd.

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you, Lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, Neice.

Beat. No, not 'till a hot *January.*

Meſſ. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar *and Don* John.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain; but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you askt her?

Leon. Signior *Benedick*, no; for then were you a child.———

Pedro. You have it full, *Benedick*; We may gueſs by this what you are, being a-man: truly, the lady fathers her ſelf; be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, ſhe would not have his head on her Shoulders for all *Meſſina*, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat.

Beat. I wonder, that you will ſtill be talking, Signior *Benedick*; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady *Diſdain!* are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible, Diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick?* Courteſie it ſelf muſt convert to Diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is courteſie a turn-coat; but it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women; they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your Humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, an 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beaſt of yours.

Bene. I would, my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer; but keep your way o' God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſum of all: *Leonato*, ——Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*, ——my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all; I tell him, we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month; and he heartily prays, ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear, he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworn. — Let me bid You welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, *Leonato*; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

Claud. Benedick, didſt thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato*?

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

Bene. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgment? or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claud. No, I pr'ythee, ſpeak in ſober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks, ſhe is too low for an high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe; only this commendation I can afford her, that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'ſt, I am in ſport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'ſt her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to put it into; but ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? or do you play the flouting *Jack*, to tell us *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter? come, in what key ſhall a man take you to go in the Song?

Claud. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter; there's her Couſin, if ſhe were not poſſeſſ with ſuch a Fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of *May* doth the laſt of *December*: but I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would ſcarce truſt myſelf, tho' I had ſworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one

one man, but he will wear his cap with ſuſpicion? ſhall I never ſee a batchelor of threeſcore again? go to, i'faith, if thou wilt needs thruſt thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away *Sundays:* look, Don *Pedro* is return'd to ſeek you.

Re enter Don Pedro *and Don* John.

Pedro. What Secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato*'s houſe?

Bene. I would, your Grace would conſtrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance: ——— he is in love; with whom? now that is your Grace's part: mark, how ſhort his anſwer is, with *Hero*, *Leonato*'s ſhort daughter.

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that

that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me; because I will not do them the Wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the Right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, prick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the Sign of blind *Cupid*.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam*. (3)

Pedro. Well, as time shall try; in time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's-horns, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted;

(3) *And he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the Shoulder, and call'd* Adam.] But why should he therefore be call'd *Adam*? Perhaps, by a Quotation or two we may be able to trace the Poet's Allusion here. In *Law-Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it*, (a Comedy written by *John Day*, and printed in 1608) I find this Speech.

I have heard, Old Adam *was an honest Man, and a good Gardiner; lov'd Lettice well, Salads and Cabage reasonable well, yet no Tobacco;——Again,* Adam Bell, *a substantial Outlaw, and a passing good* Archer, *yet no Tobacconist.*

By This it appears, that *Adam Bell* at that time of day was of Reputation for his Skill at the Bow. I find him again mention'd in a Burlesque Poem of Sir *William Davenant*'s, call'd, *The long Vacation in* London: and had I the Convenience of consulting *Ascham*'s *Toxophilus*, I might probably grow still better acquainted with his History.

and

and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good Horſe to hire*, let them ſignifie under my Sign, *Here you may ſee* Benedick *the marry'd man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad

Pedro. Nay, if *Cupid* hath not ſpent all his quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato's*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at ſupper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage, and ſo I commit you ———

Claud. To the tuition of God; From my houſe, if I had it, ———

Pedro. The ſixth of *July*, your loving friend, *Benedick.*

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience; and ſo I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My Liege, your Highneſs now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any ſon, my lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her, *Claudio?*

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye;
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come througing ſoft and delicate Deſires,

All

All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is;
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I will break with her: and with her Father,
And Thou ſhalt have her: was't not to this end,
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complection!
But left my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The faireſt grant is the neceſſity;
Look, what will ſerve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lov'ſt;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we ſhall have revelling to night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*;
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine;
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now, Brother, where is my Couſin your ſon? hath he provided this muſick?

Ant. He is very buſie about it; but, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event ſtamps them, but they have a good cover; they ſhow well outward. The Prince and Count *Claudio*, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: The Prince diſcover'd to *Claudio*, that he lov'd my neice your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant

to

to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good ſharp fellow; I will ſend for him, and queſtion him your ſelf.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear it ſelf: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that ſhe may be the better prepared for anſwer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it: Couſins, you know what you have to do. [*Several croſs the Stage here.*] O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will uſe your skill; good Couſin, have a care this buſie time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Conr. WHat the good-jer, my lord, why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Conr. You ſhould hear reaſon,

John. And when I have heard it, what Bleſſing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou (being, as thou ſay'ſt thou art, born under *Saturn*) goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſie, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yes, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, 'till you may do it without controlement; you have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible

you

you ſhould take root, but by the fair weather that you make your ſelf; it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am truſted with a muzzel, and infranchiſed with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Cour. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

John. I will make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only. Who comes here? what news, *Borachio?*

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it ſerve for any model to build miſchief on? what is he for a fool, that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio?*

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato.*

John. A very forward *March* chick! how come you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio* hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince ſhould woo *Hero* for himſelf; and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio.*

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food

food to my diſpleaſure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him any way, I bleſs my ſelf every way; you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great ſupper; their Cheer is the greater, that I am ſubdu'd; 'would the cook were of my mind! —— ſhall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Hall in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret *and* Urſula.

LEONATO.

WAS not Count *John* here at Supper?

Ant. I ſaw him not,

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*; the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing: and the other too like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick*'s tongue in Count *John*'s mouth, and half Count *John*'s melancholy in Signior *Benedick*'s face ——

Beat. With a good Leg, and a good foot, Uncle, and mony enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good Will.

Leon. By my troth, Neice, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst; I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short horns; but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which Blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take six pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell,———

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with his horns on his head, and say, "get you to heaven, *Beatrice*, get you "to heav'n, here's no place for you maids." So deliver I up my apes, and away to St. *Peter*, for the heav'ns; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, Neice, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. [*To* Hero.

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my Cousin's duty to make curtsie, and say, *Father, as it pleases you*; but yet for all that, Cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsie, and say, *Father, as it pleases me.*

Leon. Well, Neice, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not 'till God make men of some other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd

maſter'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; *Adam*'s ſons are my brethren, and, truly, I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you; if the Prince do ſolicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time; If the Prince be too important, tell him, there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the Anſwer; for hear me, *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a *Scotch* jig, a meaſure, and a cinque-pace; the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding mannerly-modeſt, as a meaſure, full of ſtate and anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque pace faſter and faſter, 'till he ſinks into his grave.

Leon. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can ſee a church by-day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar *and others in Maſquerade.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk, and eſpecially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute ſhould be like the caſe!

Pedro. (4) My viſor is *Philemon*'s roof; within the houſe is *Jove*.

Hero.

(4) *My Viſor is* Philemon's *Roof, within the Houſe is* Love.] Thus the whole Stream of the Copies, from the firſt downwards.

Hero. Why, then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you ſpeak love.

Balth. Well; I would, you did like me. (5)

Marg. So would not I for your own ſake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

wards. I muſt own, this Paſſage for a long while appear'd very obſcure to me, and gave me much Trouble in attempting to underſtand it. *Hero* ſays to *Don Pedro*, God forbid, the Lute ſhould be like the Caſe! i. e. that your Face ſhould be as homely and as courſe as your Mask. Upon this, *Don Pedro* compares his Viſor to *Philemon*'s Roof. 'Tis plain, the Poet alludes to the Story of *Baucis* and *Philemon* from OVID: And this old Couple, as the *Roman* Poet deſcribes it, liv'd in a *thatch'd* Cottage;

——— *Stipulis & cannâ tecta paluſtri.*

But why, *Within the Houſe is* Love? *Baucis* and *Philemon*, 'tis true, had liv'd to old Age together, in a comfortable State of Agreement. But Piety and Hoſpitality are the top Parts of their Character. Our Poet unqueſtionably goes a little deeper into the Story. Tho' this old Pair liv'd in a Cottage, this Cottage receiv'd two ſtraggling Gods, (*Jupiter* and *Mercury*,) under its Roof. So, *Don Pedro* is a Prince; and tho' his Viſor is but ordinary, he would inſinuate to *Hero*, that he has ſomething *god-like* within: alluding either to his Dignity, or the Qualities of his Perſon and Mind. By theſe Circumſtances, I am ſure, the Thought is mended: as, I think verily, the Text is too by the Change of a ſingle Letter.

——— *within the Houſe is* Jove.

Nor is this Emendation a little confirm'd by another Paſſage in our Author, in which he plainly alludes to the ſame Story. *As you like it.*

Clown. *I am here with thee and thy Goats, as the moſt capricious Poet, honeſt* Ovid, *was amongſt the* Goths.

Jaq. *O Knowledge ill inhabited, worſe than* Jove *in a* thatch'd *Houſe.*

(5) Balth. *Well; I would, you did like me.*] This and the two following little Speeches, which I have placed to *Balthazar*, are in all the printed Copies given to *Benedick*. But, 'tis clear, the Dialogue here ought to be betwixt *Balthazar*, and *Margaret*: *Benedick*, a little lower, converſes with *Beatrice*: and ſo every Man talks with his Woman once round.

Marg.

Marg. I ſay my Prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my ſight when the dance is done! Anſwer, Clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is anſwer'd.

Urſ. I know you well enough; you are Signior *Antonio.*

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſ. You could never do him ſo ill-well, unleſs you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. Come, come, do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide it ſelf? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me, who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me, who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful, and that I had my good Wit out of the Hundred merry Tales; well, this was Signior *Benedick* that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jeſter; a very dull fool, only his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders: none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am ſure, he is in the fleet; I would, he had boarded me.

Bene.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a compariſon or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ſtrikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing ſav'd, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the leaders. [*Muſick within.*

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Exeunt.*

Manent John, Borachio, *and* Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*; I know him by his Bearing.

John. Are you not Signior *Benedick!*

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on *Hero*; I pray you, diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claud. How know ye, he loves her?

John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marry her to night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* John *and* Bor.

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*.
'Tis certain ſo, the Prince wooes for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love uſe their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for it ſelf,
And truſt no agent; beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewel then, *Hero*.

Enter

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count *Claudio?*

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, Count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an Uſurer's chain? or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's ſcarf? you muſt wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero.*

Claud. I wiſh him Joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell bullocks: but did you think, the Prince would have ſerved you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the Poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowle! now will he creep into ſedges. But, that my Lady *Beatrice* ſhould know me, and not know me! the Prince's fool! ha? it may be, I go under that Title, becauſe I am merry; yea, but ſo I am apt to do myſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed. It is the baſe (tho' bitter) diſpoſition of *Beatrice*, that puts the World into her perſon, and ſo gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the Will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a School-boy; who, being

being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhews it his companion, and he ſteals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt, a tranſgreſſion? the tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himſelf, and the rod he might have beſtow'd on you, who (as I take it) have ſtol'n his bird's neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danc'd with her, told her ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, ſhe miſus'd me paſt the indurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have anſwer'd her; my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold with her; ſhe told me, not thinking I had been myſelf, that I was the Prince's jeſter, and that I was duller than a great thaw; (6) hudling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch impaſſable conveyance upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhooting at me; ſhe ſpeaks Poniards, and every word ſtabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the North-Star; I would not marry her, though ſhe were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſs'd; ſhe would have made *Hercules* have turn'd Spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you ſhall find her the infernal *Até* in good apparel. I would to God, ſome Scholar would conjure

(6) —— *hudling jeſt upon jeſt, with ſuch* impoſſible *conveyance, upon me.*] Thus all the printed Copies; but I freely confeſs, I can't poſſibly underſtand the Phraſe. I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute *impaſſable.* To make a *Paſs* (in *Fencing*,) is, to thruſt, puſh: and by *impaſſable*, I preſume, the Poet meant, that ſhe puſh'd her jeſts upon him with ſuch *Swiftneſs*, that it was impoſſible for him to *paſs* them *off*, *to parry* them.

her

her; for, certainly, while she is here a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato *and* Hero.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the *Antipodes*, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of *Asia*; bring you the length of *Prester John*'s foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham*'s beard; do you any embassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot indure this Lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, Lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedick*.

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say, I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil Count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true: though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.

Here, *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say, Amen, to it.

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, Cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care; my cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry *heigh ho!* for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your Father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? your Father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too costly to wear every day; but, I beseech your Grace, pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was born. Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Neice, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat.

Beat. I cry you mercy, Uncle: by your Grace's pardon. [*Exit* Beatrice.

Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; (7) for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of an happiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, *Claudio*, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the *Interim* undertake one of *Hercules*'s labours, which is, to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

(7) *For I have heard my daughter say, She hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.*] Tho' all the Impressions agree in this Reading, surely, 'tis absolutely repugnant to what *Leonato* intends to say, which is this; "*Beatrice* is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad "then: for she hath often dream'd of *something merry*, (an "*happiness*, as the Poet phrases it,) and wak'd herself with "laughing."

Claud. And I, my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will do any modeſt office, my Lord, to help my Couſin to a good husband.

Pedro. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefulleſt husband that I know: thus far I can praiſe him; he is of a noble ſtrain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your Couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will ſo practiſe on *Benedick*, that in deſpight of his quick wit, and his queaſie ſtomach, he ſhall fall in love with *Beatrice*. If we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only Love-Gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don John *and* Borachio.

John. IT is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhall marry the Daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can croſs it.

John. Any bar, any croſs, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am ſick in diſpleaſure to him; and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canſt thou croſs this marriage?

Bora. Not honeſtly, my Lord, but ſo covertly that no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordſhip a year ſince, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Lady's chamber-window.

John.

John. What life is in That, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poiſon of That lies in you to temper; go you to the Prince your brother, ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his Honour in marrying the renown'd *Claudio*, (whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated Stale, ſuch a one as *Hero*.

John. What Proof ſhall I make of That?

Bora. Proof enough to miſuſe the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other Iſſue?

John. Only to deſpite them, I will endeavour any thing.

(8) *Bora.* Go then find me a meet hour, to draw Don *Pedro*,

(8) Bora. *Go then, find me a meet hour to draw on* Pedro *and the Count* Claudio, *alone; tell them that you know* Hero *loves me;——Offer them Inſtances, which ſhall bear no leſs Likelihood than to ſee me at her Chamber-window; hear me call* Margaret, Hero; *hear* Margaret *term me* CLAUDIO; *and bring them to ſee this the very night before the intended Wedding.*] Thus the whole Stream of the Editions from the firſt *Quarto* downwards. I am oblig'd here to give a ſhort Account of the *Plot* depending, that the Emendation I have made may appear the more clear and unqueſtionable. The Buſineſs ſtands thus: *Claudio*, a Favourite of the *Arragon* Prince, is, by his Interceſſions with her Father, to be marry'd to fair *Hero*; Don *John*, natural Brother of the Prince, and a Hater of *Claudio*, is in his Spleen zealous to diſappoint the Match. *Borachio*, a raſcally Dependent on Don *John*, offers his Aſſiſtance, and engages to break off the Marriage by this Stratagem: "Tell the Prince and *Claudio* (ſays He) that *Hero* is in Love "with *Me*; they won't believe it; offer them Proofs, as that "they ſhall ſee me converſe with her in her Chamber-window. "I am in the good Graces of her Waiting-woman *Margaret*; "and I'll prevail with *Margaret* at a dead hour of Night to "perſonate her Miſtreſs *Hero*; do you then bring the Prince "and *Claudio* to overhear our Diſcourſe; and They ſhall have "the Torment to hear *me* addreſs *Margaret* by the Name of "*Hero*, and her ſay ſweet things to me by the Name of *Claudio*."—This is the Subſtance of *Borachio*'s Device to make

Pedro, and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them, that you know, *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, as in a love of your Brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, (who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,) that you have discover'd thus; they will hardly believe this without tryal: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *Borachio*; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended Wedding; for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truths of *Hero*'s disloyalty, that jealousie shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE *changes to* Leonato's *Orchard*.

Enter Benedick, *and a Boy*.

Bene. BOY,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the Orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy*.] I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I cannot buy my liking; nor I cannot buy my liking; but I am well: another virtuous, another wise, another kind, another noble, another of good discourse, another an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws*.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, *and* Claudio, *with Musick*.

Pedro. Come hither, Leonato; what was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O ay: stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! there never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well, this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? she will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord, especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection, hold it up.

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No, and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed, so your daughter says: shall I, says she, that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O! when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; I measure him, says she, by my own spirit, for I should flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: she's an excellent sweet lady, and (out of all suspicion) she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God! and in my mind very wise.

Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato*.

Bene. This can be no trick: they have made their report: they seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair: 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous: 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me: by my troth it is no addition to her wit; nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age: shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice: by this day she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, Signior: fare you well.

[*Exit*.

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*; there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me*; that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture.

[*Exit*.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. [*Exit Boy.*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again —— I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love! and such a man is *Claudio*. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe; I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or not come near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, *and* Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord; how still the evening is, As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my lord; the musick ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny worth.

Pedro. Come, *Balthazar*, we'll hear that Song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, tax not ſo bad a voice
To ſlander muſick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection:
I pray thee, ſing; and let me woo no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes;
Yet will he ſwear, he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why, theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note, notes, forſooth, and noting.

Bene. Now, divine air; now is his ſoul raviſh'd! is it not ſtrange, that ſheeps guts ſhould hale ſouls out of mens bodies? well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The SONG.

Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your ſounds of woe
Into hey nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no mo
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer was firſt leafy:
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Pedro,

Pedro. By my troth, a good Song.

Balth. And an ill finger, my lord.

Pedro. Ha, no; no, faith; thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. If he had been a dog, that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no miſchief: I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry, doſt thou hear, *Balthazar?* I pray thee, get us ſome excellent muſick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady *Hero*'s chamber-window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my lord. [*Exit* Balthazar.

Pedro. Do ſo: farewel. Come hither, *Leonato*; what was it you told me of to-day, that your Neice *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick?*

Claud. O, ay; —— ſtalk on, ſtalk on, the fowl ſits. I did never think, that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviours ſeem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't poſſible, ſits the wind in that corner? [*Aſide.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that ſhe loves him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be, ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there never was counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion, as ſhe diſcovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well, this fiſh will bite. [*Aſide.*

Leon. What effects, my lord? ſhe will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I

would have thought, her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn, it had, my lord; eſpecially againſt *Benedick*.

Bene. [*Aſide.*] I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white bearded fellow ſpeaks it; knavery cannot, ſure, hide himſelf in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Hath ſhe made her affection known to *Benedick*?

Leon. No, and ſwears ſhe never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed, ſo your daughter ſays: ſhall I, ſays ſhe, that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This ſays ſhe now, when ſhe is beginning to write to him; for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, 'till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper; my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, —— when ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the ſheet.

Claud. That ——

Leon. (9) O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence; rail'd at herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt, to write to one that, ſhe knew, won'd flout her: I meaſure him, ſays ſhe, by my own Spirit, for I ſhould flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.

(9) *O, ſhe tore the Letter into a thouſand* half-pence;] i. e. into a thouſand pieces of the ſame bigneſs. This is farther explain'd by a Paſſage in *As you like it*;

—— *There were none principal; they were all like one another as* half-pence *are.*

In both places the Poet alludes to the old Silver Penny which had a Creaſe running *Croſs-wiſe* over it, ſo that it might be broke into two or four equal pieces, half-pence, or farthings.

Claud.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; O sweet *Benedick!* God give me patience!

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter says so; and the ecstasie hath so much overborn her, that my daughter is sometime afraid, she will do desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

Pedro. It were good, that *Benedick* knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Pedro. If he should, it were an Alms to hang him; she's an excellent sweet lady, and (out of all suspicion) she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving *Benedick*.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have daft all other respects, and made her half myself; I pray you, tell *Benedick* of it; and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks, surely she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustom'd crossness.

Pedro. She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I assure you; and in the managing of

of quarrels you may ſay he is wiſe; for either he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a chriſtian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And ſo will he do, for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make. Well, I am ſorry for your Neice: ſhall we go ſeek *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counſel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible, ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well; and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is unworthy to have ſo good a lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her, and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewomen carry; the ſport will be when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the Scene that I would ſee, which will be merely a Dumb Show; let us ſend her to call him to dinner. [*Aſide.*] [*Exeunt.*

Benedick *advances from the Arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was ſadly borne; they have the truth of this from *Hero*; they ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it muſt be requited: I hear, how I am cenſur'd; they ſay, I will bear myſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection. ——— I did never think to marry ——— I muſt not ſeem proud —— happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending: they ſay,

ſay, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witneſs: and virtuous; ——— 'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it: and wiſe, but for loving me —— by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her. ——— I may chance to have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo long againſt marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quipps and ſentences, and theſe paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no: the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid, I would die a batchelor, I did not think I ſhould live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes *Beatrice:* by this day, ſhe's a fair lady; I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice,* I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea, juſt ſo much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal: you have no ſtomach, Signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner:* —— there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you took pains to thank me;* —— that's as much as to ſay, any pains that I take for you is as eaſie as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a *Jew;* I will go get her Picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE *continues in the Orchard.*

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Urſula.

HERO.

GOOD *Margaret*, run thee into the parlour,
There ſhalt thou find my Couſin *Beatrice*,
Propoſing with the Prince and *Claudio*;
Whiſper her ear, and tell her, I and *Urſula*
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay, that thou overheard'ſt us;
And bid her ſteal into the pleached Bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the Sun,
Forbid the Sun to enter; like to Favourites,
Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it: there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten our Propoſe; this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant, preſently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, *Urſula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our Talk muſt only be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy Part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit.
My Talk to thee muſt be, how *Benedick*
Is ſick in love with *Beatrice*; of this matter
Is little *Cupid*'s crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-ſay: now begin.

Enter Beatrice, *running towards the Arbour.*

For look, where *Beatrice*, like a lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground to hear our conference.

Urſu. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh

Cut

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine-coverture;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. ——
No, truly, *Ursula*, she's too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggerds of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure,
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so intirely?

Hero. So says the Prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To wish him wrastle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? doth not the Gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of *Beatrice*.
Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on; and her wit
Values it self so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-indeared.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward; if fair-fac'd,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a launce ill-headed;

If

If low, an Aglet very vilely cut; (10)
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue That,
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urſu. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; for to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let *Benedick*, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Urſu. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my Cousin with; one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoison liking.

Urſu. O, do not do your Cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse

(10) *If low, an* Agat *very vilely cut:*] But why an *Agat*, if low? And what Shadow of Likeness between a *little Man* and an *Agat?* The Ancients, indeed, used this Stone to cut in, and upon; but most exquisitely. I make no question but the Poet wrote;

——— *an* Aglet *very vilely cut*;

An *Aglet* was the Tag of those Points, formerly so much in Fashion. These Tags were either of Gold, Silver, or Brass, according to the Quality of the Wearer; and were commonly in the Shape of little Images; or at least had a Head cut at the Extremity, as is seen at the End of the *Start* of old-fashion'd Spoons. And as a *tall* Man is before compar'd to a *Launce ill-headed*; so, by the same Figure, a *little Man* is very aptly liken'd to an *Aglet ill cut*. Mr. *Warburton*.

So

So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.
Hero. He is the only man of *Italy*,
Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.
Urſu. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick*,
For ſhape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through *Italy*.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Urſu. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?
Hero. Why, every day; to morrow; come, go in,
I'll ſhew thee ſome attires, and have thy counſel
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to morrow.
Urſu. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, Madam.
Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps;
Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, Some with traps.
[*Exeunt.*

Beatrice, *advancing.*

Beat. What fire is in my ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for Pride and Scorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewel! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou doſt love, thy kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. I DO but ſtay 'till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward *Arragon*.
Claud. I'll bring you thither my lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.
Pedro. Nay, That would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs

gloſs of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the ſoale of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid*'s bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him; he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks, you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope, he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be ſad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can maſter a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to be a *Dutch* man to day, a *French* man to morrow; or in the ſhape of two countries at once, a *German* from the waiſt downward, all ſlops; and a *Spaniard* from the hip upwards, no doublet: Unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns; he bruſhes his hat o'mornings; what ſhould that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuft tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loſs of a beard.

Pedro.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet; can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which, I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit, which is now crept into a lute-ſtring and now govern'd by ſtops ———

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in deſpight of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She ſhall be bury'd with her heels upwards. (11)

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aſide with me, I have ſtudy'd eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not hear. [*Exeunt* Benedick *and* Leonato.

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about *Beatrice*.

Claud. 'Tis even ſo. *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this play'd their parts with *Beatrice*; and then the two Bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don John.

John. My Lord and Brother, God ſave you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

Pedro. In private?

(11) *She ſhall be buried with her* Face *upwards.*] Thus the whole Set of Editions: But what is there any ways particular in This? Are not all Men and Women buried ſo? Sure, the Poet means, in Oppoſition to the general Rule, and by way of Diſtinction, with her *heels* upwards, or *face* downwards. I have choſe the firſt Reading, becauſe I find it the Expreſſion in Vogue in our Author's time.

John.

John. If it pleaſe you; yet Count *Claudio* may hear; for, what I would ſpeak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordſhip to be marry'd to morrow? [*To* Claudio.

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, diſcover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter; and aim better at me by That I now will manifeſt; for my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage; ſurely, Suit ill ſpent, and Labour ill beſtow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumſtances ſhorten'd, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is diſloyal.

Claud. Who? *Hero?*

John. Even ſhe; *Leonato*'s *Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.

Claud. Diſloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay, ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it; wonder not 'till further warrant; go but with me to night, you ſhall ſee her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding day; if you love her, then to morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be ſo?

Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know; if you will follow me, I will ſhew you enough; and when you have ſeen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to night why I ſhould not marry her to morrow; in the Congregation, where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

Pedro.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, 'till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but 'till night, and let the issue shew it self.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned?

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented! So you will say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

Dogb. ARE you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry.*

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch. Hugh Oatecake,* Sir, or *George Seacole*; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour *Seacole:* God hath blest you with a good name; and to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable ———

Dogb. You have: I knew, it would be your answer. Well, for your Favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity: you are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the Constable of the Watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

2 *Watch.*

2 *Watch*. How if he will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's Subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's Subjects: you ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets; for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is moſt tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 *Watch*. We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman, for I cannot ſee how Sleeping ſhould offend; only have a care that your Bills be not ſtolen: well, you are to call at all the ale-houſes, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch*. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch*. Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him by vertue of your office to be no true man; and for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2 *Watch*. If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, Partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe and bid her ſtill it.

2 *Watch*. How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb.

Dogb. Why, then depart in Peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the Charge: you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, birlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statutes, he may stay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. Birlady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellow's counsels and your own, and good night; come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior *Leonato*'s door, for the Wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coil to night; adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What? *Conrade.*

Watch. Peace, stir not. [*Aside.*

Bora. Conrade, I say.

Conr. Here, Man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a scab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent house, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch.

Watch. Some Treaſon, maſters; yet ſtand cloſe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thouſand ducats.

Conr. Is it poſſible that any Villany ſhould be ſo dear?

Bora. Thou ſhould'ſt rather ask, if it were poſſible any villany ſhould be ſo rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That ſhews, thou art unconfirm'd; thou know-eſt, that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the faſhion.

Conr. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh, I may as well ſay, the fool's the Fool; but ſee'ſt thou not, what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief theſe ſeven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didſt thou not hear ſome body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed thief this faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty; ſometimes, faſhioning them like *Pharoah*'s ſoldiers in the reachy Painting; ſometimes, like the God *Bel*'s prieſts in the old church-window; ſometimes, like the ſhaven *Hercules* in the ſmirch'd worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his codpiece ſeems as maſſie as his club.

Conr. All this I ſee, and ſee, that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thy ſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither; but know, that I have to night wooed *Margaret*, the Lady *Hero*'s Gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs's chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night—

I tell

I tell this tale vildly — I ſhould firſt tell thee, how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my maſter, planted and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don *John*, ſaw a far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*; but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any ſlander that Don *John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged; ſwore, he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there before the whole Congregation ſhame her with what he ſaw o'er night, and ſend her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the Prince's name, ſtand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable; we have here recover'd the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one *Deformed* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Maſters, maſters, —— (12)

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Maſters, ——

1 *Watch.* Never ſpeak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly Commodity, being taken up of theſe mens bills.

(12) Conr. *Maſters, maſters,* ——

2 Watch. *You'll be made bring* Deformed *forth, I warrant you.*

Conr. *Maſters, never ſpeak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.*] The different Regulation which I have made in this laſt Speech, tho' againſt the Authority of all the printed Copies, I flatter myſelf, carries its Proof with it. *Conrade* and *Borachio* are not deſign'd to talk abſurd Nonſenſe [that is the diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtick of the *Conſtable* and *Watch.*] It is evident therefore, that *Conrade* is attempting his own Juſtification; but is interrupted in it by the Impertinence of the Men in Office.

Conr. A commodity in queſtion, I warrant you: come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Hero's *Apartment in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Urſula.

Hero. GOOD *Urſula*, wake my couſin *Beatrice*, and deſire her to riſe.

Urſu. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urſu. Well.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other Rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not ſo good; and I warrant, your couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, i' faith. I ſaw the Dutcheſs of *Milan*'s gown, that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in reſpect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with ſilver, ſet with pearls down-ſleeves, ſide-ſleeves and skirts, round underborne with a blueiſh tinſel; but for a fine, queint, graceful and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Mar. 'Twill be heavier ſoon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what, lady? of ſpeaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me ſay (ſaving your reverence) a husband. If bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a Husband? none, I think, if it be the right Husband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light and not heavy; ask my lady *Beatrice* elſe, here ſhe comes.

Enter

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, ſweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why, how now? do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' Love*; that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels; then if your husband have ſtables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five o'clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready: by my troth, I am exceeding ill; hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horſe, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, if you be not turn'd *Turk*, there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

Hero. Theſe gloves the count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtufft, couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid, and ſtufft! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you profeſt apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Beat. Benedictus? why *Benedictus?* you have ſome moral in this *Benedictus.*

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thiſtle; you may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, birlady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was ſuch another, and now is he become a man; he ſwore, he would never marry; and yet now, in deſpight of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Urſu. Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the Gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Urſula*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Apartment in* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leon. WHAT would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you ſee, 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, Sir, ſpeaks a little of the matter; an old man, Sir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were; but, in faith, as honeſt as the skin between his brows.

Verg.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.

Dogb. Compariſons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbour *Verges.*

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſs on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worſhip as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our Watch to night, excepting your worſhip's preſence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in *Meſſina.*

Dogb. A good old man, Sir; he will be talking, as they ſay; when the age is in, the wit is out; God help us, it is a world to ſee: well ſaid, i'faith, neighbour *Verges*, well, he's a good man; an two men ride an horſe, one muſt ride behind; an honeſt ſoul, i'faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worſhip'd; all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir; our Watch have, indeed, comprehended two auſpicious perſons; and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination your ſelf, and bring it me; I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Ex.* Leon.

Dogb. Go, good Partner, go get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine thoſe men.

Verg. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogb. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant; here's That ſhall drive ſome of them to a non-come. Only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jail. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a CHURCH.*

Enter D. Pedro, *D.* John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, *and* Beatrice.

LEONATO.

COME, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your ſouls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero?*

Hero.

Hero. None, my Lord.
Friar. Know you any, Count?
Leon. I dare make his anſwer, none.
Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what Men daily do! not knowing what they do!
Bene. How now! Interjections? why, then ſome be of laughing, as ha, ha, he!
Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconſtrained ſoul
Give me this maid your daughter?
Leon. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.
Claud. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?
Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.
Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs:
There, *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:
Behold, how like a maid ſhe blaſhes here!
O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple virtue? would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? but ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.
Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?
Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my ſoul to an approved Wanton.
Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof (13)
Have

(13) *Dear my Lord, if you in your own* Proof,] I am ſurpriz'd, the Poetical Editors did not obſerve the Lameneſs of this Verſe. It evidently wants a Syllable in the laſt Foot, which I have reſtor'd by a Word, which, I preſume, the firſt Editors might heſitate at; tho' it is a very proper one, and a Word elſewhere uſed by our Author. Beſides, in the Paſſage under

Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity ———
Claud. I know what you would ſay: if I have known her,
You'll ſay, ſhe did embrace me as a husband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſin.
No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
Claud. Out on thy Seeming! I will write againſt it;
You ſeem to me as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaſte as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.
Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?
Leon. Sweet Prince, why ſpeak not you?
Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common Stale.
Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?
John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a Nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!
Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's Brother?
Is this face *Hero*'s? are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is ſo; but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me, how am I beſet!

Examination, this Word comes in almoſt neceſſarily, as *Claudio* had ſaid in the Line immediately preceding;

Not knit my Soul to an approved *Wanton.*

What

What kind of catechizing call you this?
Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name,
Hero. Is it not *Hero?* who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can *Hero*;
Hero her ſelf can blot out *Hero*'s virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, anſwer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.
Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
I am ſorry, you muſt hear; upon mine Honour,
My ſelf, my Brother, and this grieved Count
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, moſt like a liberal villain,
Confeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.
John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,
Not to be ſpoken of;
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.
Claud. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counſels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewel,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids ſhall Conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;
And never ſhall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?
Beat. Why, how now, Couſin, wherefore ſink you down?
John. Come, let us go; theſe things, come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.
[*Exeunt D.* Pedro, *D.* John *and* Claud.
Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle.
Hero! why, *Hero!* uncle! Signior *Benedick!* friar!
Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.
Beat. How now, couſin *Hero?*
Friar. Have comfort, Lady.
Leon. Doſt thou look up?
Friar. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?
Leon. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I, thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
My ſelf would on the rereward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for That at frugal nature's frame?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates?
Who ſmeered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have ſaid, no part of it is mine;
This ſhame derives it ſelf from unknown loins:
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine ſo much,
That I my ſelf was to my ſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why, ſhe, —— O, ſhe is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again;
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!
Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.
Beat. O, on my ſoul, my couſin is bely'd.
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?
Beat. No, truly, not; altho' until laſt night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, That is ſtronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the two Princes lie? and *Claudio* lie?
Who lov'd her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,
And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whiteneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervations,
Which with experimental ſeal do warrant
The tenour of my book; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be;
Thou ſeeſt, that all the grace, that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury; ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That, which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuſe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the Princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wiſdoms be miſ-led in this,

The

The Practice of it lives in *John* the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villanies.
Leon. I know not: if they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find awak'd, in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the Princes left for dead; (14)
Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead, indeed:
Maintain a mourning oſtentation,
And on your family's old Monument
Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
Leon. What ſhall become of this? what will this do?
Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travel look for greater birth:
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it ſo falls out,

(14) *Your Daughter here the* Princeſs *(left for dead)*] But how comes *Hero* to ſtart up a *Princeſs* here? We have no Intimation of her Father being a Prince; and this is the firſt and only Time that She is complimented with this Dignity. The Removion of a ſingle Letter, and of the *Parenthesis*, will bring her to her own Rank, and the Place to its true Meaning.

Your Daughter here the Princes *left for dead.*

i. e. *Don Pedro*, Prince of *Arragon*; and his Baſtard Brother who is likewiſe call'd a prince.

That

That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours; ſo will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words,
Th' idea of her Life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit;
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed. Then ſhall he mourn,
If ever love had intereſt in his liver,
And wiſh, he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, though he thought his accuſation true:
Let this be ſo, and doubt not, but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all Aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome reclufive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the friar adviſe you:
And though, you know, my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly and juſtly as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away;
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience and endure. [*Exeunt.*

Manent

Manent Benedick *and* Beatrice.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe, your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not; it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lye not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it; I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewel.

Bene. Tarry, sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I [illegible] am here; there is no love in you; na[illegible] pray you, let me go.

Bene.

Bene. Beatrice, ———

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman! O, that I were a man! what! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with publick accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour ——— O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice.*

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window? — a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay, but *Beatrice.*

Beat. Sweet *Hero!* ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone,

Bene. Beat ———

Beat. Princes and Counts! ſurely, a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-comfect, a ſweet gallant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! but manhood is melted into curteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and ſwears it: I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good *Beatrice*; by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul, the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero?*

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd; I will challenge him. I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you, by this hand, *Claudio* ſhall render me a dear account; as you hear of me, ſo think of me; go comfort your couſin; I muſt ſay, ſhe is dead, and ſo farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Priſon.*

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, *the Town-Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.*

To. Cl. IS our whole diſſembly appear'd?

Dog. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my Partner.

Dog. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before maſter conſtable.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me; what is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

T. Cl. Pray, write down, *Borachio.* Yours, Sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *Conrade.*

T. Cl. Write down, maſter gentleman *Conrade*; maſters, do you ſerve God?

Both. Yea, Sir, we hope. (15)

To. Cl. Write down, that they hope they ſerve God: and write God firſt: for God defend, but God ſhould go before ſuch villains.——Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly; how anſwer you for your ſelves?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we ſay, we are none.

To. C. A marvellous witty fellow, I aſſure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, ſirrah,

(15) Both. *Yea, Sir, we hope.*

To. Cl. *Write down, that they hope, they ſerve God: and write God firſt: for God defend, but God ſhould go before ſuch Villains*——] This ſhort Paſſage, which is truly humorous and in character, I have added from the old *Quarto.* Beſides, it ſupplies a Defect: for, without it, the *Town-Clerk* asks a Queſtion of the Priſoners, and goes on without ſtaying for any Anſwer to it.

a word

a word in your ear, Sir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are both falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

To. Cl. Well, ſtand aſide; 'fore God, they are both in a tale; have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Maſter town-clerk, you go not the way to examine, you muſt call the watch that are their accuſers.

(16) *To. Cl.* Yea, marry, that's the deſteſt way, let the Watch come forth; maſters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuſe theſe men.

Enter Watchmen.

2 *Watch.* This man ſaid, Sir, that Don *John* the Prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, Prince *John* a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bora. Maſter town-clerk ——

To. Cl. Pray thee, fellow, Peace; I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thouſand ducats of Don *John*, for accuſing the lady *Hero* wrongfully.

(16) To. Cl. *Yea, marry that's the* eaſieſt *Way, let the Watch come forth.*] This *eaſieſt*, is a Sophiſtication of our modern Editors, who were at a loſs to make out the corrupted Reading of the old Copies. The *Quarto*, in 1600, and the firſt and ſecond Editions in *Folio* all concur in reading;

Yea, marry, that's the eſteſt *way*, &c.

A Letter happen'd to ſlip out at Preſs in the firſt Edition; and 'twas too hard a Task for the ſubſequent Editors to put it in, or gueſs at the Word under this accidental Depravation. There is no doubt, but the Author wrote, as I have reſtor'd the Text:

Yea, marry, that's the deſteſt *way*, &c.

i. e. the *readieſt*, moſt *commodious* Way. The Word is pure *Saxon*. Deaꝑlice *debitè*, *congruè*, duely, fitly. Lebæꝑlice, *opportunè*, *commodè*, fitly, conveniently, ſeaſonably, in good time, commodiouſly. *Vid.* Spelman's *Saxon* Gloſſ.

To. Cl.

To. Cl. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Dogb. Yea, by th' mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince *John* is this morning secretly stoll'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly dy'd. Master Constable, let these men be bound and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Conr. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcomb!*

Dogb. God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb:* come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.——

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an ass! but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness; I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an housholder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in *Messina*, and one that knows the law; go to, and a rich fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him; bring him away; O, that I had been writ down an ass! —— [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *before* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

ANTONIO.

IF you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wiſdom thus to ſecond grief
Againſt your ſelf.

Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve; give not me counſel,
Nor let no Comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuite with mine.
Bring me a father, that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain:
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape and form:
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard, (17)

(17) *If ſuch a One will ſmile, and ſtroke his Beard,*
And hallow, wag, *cry hem, when he ſhould groan,*]
Mr. *Rowe* is the firſt Authority that I can find for this Reading. But what is the Intention, or how are we to expound it? "If a Man will *halloo*, and *whoop*, and *fidget*, and *wriggle about*, to ſhew a Pleaſure when he ſhould groan," &c. This does not give much *Decorum* to the Sentiment. The old *Quarto*, and the 1ſt and 2d *Folio* Editions all read,
And Sorrow, wagge, *cry hem*, &c.
We don't, indeed, get much by this Reading; tho', I flatter my ſelf, by a ſlight Alteration it has led me to the true one,
And Sorrow wage; *cry, hem! when he ſhould groan*;
i. e. If ſuch a One will *combat with, ſtrive againſt* Sorrow, &c. Nor is this Word infrequent with our Author in theſe Significations.

And

And Sorrow wage; cry, hem! when he ſhould groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no ſuch man; for, brother, men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themſelves not feel; but taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all mens office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe, that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf; therefore give me no counſel;
My griefs cry louder than advertiſement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtyle of Gods,
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon your ſelf:
Make thoſe, that do offend you, ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon; nay, I will do ſo.
My ſoul doth tell me, *Hero* is bely'd;
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince;
And all of them, that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Don Pedro, *and* Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* haſtily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords?

Pedro. We have ſome haſte, *Leonato.*

Leon. Some haſte, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord.
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.

Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant.

Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarrelling,
Some of us would lye low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou!
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me;
I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man;
I ſay, thou haſt bely'd mine innocent child,
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies bury'd with her anceſtors,
O, in a tomb where never ſcandal ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!
Claud. My villany?
Leon. Thine, *Claudio*; thine, I ſay.
Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Deſpight his nice fence and his active practice,
His *May* of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
(18) *Leon.* Canſt thou ſo daffe me? thou haſt kill'd my child;

(18) *Canſt Thou ſo* daffe *me?*——] This is a Country Word, Mr. *Pope* tells us, ſignifying, *daunt*. It may be ſo; but that is not the Expoſition here: To *daffe*, and *doffe* are ſynonymous Terms, that mean, to *put off*: which is the very Senſe requir'd here, and what *Leonato* would reply, upon *Claudio*'s ſaying, He would have nothing to do with him.

If

If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.

Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt;
Win me and wear me, let him anſwer me;
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,——

Ant. Content yourſelf; God knows, I lov'd my Neice;
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkſops!

Leon. Brother *Anthony*——

Ant. Hold you content; what, man? I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-mongring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave, and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhow an outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words, (19)
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother *Anthony*,——

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is ſorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord——

(19) *And ſpeak* of *half a dozen dangerous Words,*] Theſe Editors are Perſons of unmatchable Indolence, that can't afford to add a ſingle Letter to retrieve common Senſe. To *ſpeak off*, as I have reform'd the Text, is to throw out boldly, with an Oſtentation of Bravery, &c. So in *Twelfth-night*;

A terrible Oath, with a ſwaggering Accent ſharply twang'd off;

Pedro.

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No! come, brother, away, I will be heard.

Ant. And ſhall, or ſome of us will ſmart for it.

[*Exe. ambo.*

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, ſee, here comes the man we went to ſeek.

Claud. Now, Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome, Signior; you are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother; what think'ſt thou? had we fought, I doubt, we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour: I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; ſhall I draw it?

Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never did any ſo, though very many have been beſide their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; draw, to pleaſure us.

Pedro. As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale: art thou ſick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man: what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it againſt me.—— I pray you chuſe another ſubject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think, he be angry, indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene.

Bene. You are a villain; I jeſt not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe. You have kill'd a ſweet lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feaſt?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay, my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee, how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid, thou hadſt a fine wit; right, ſays ſhe, a fine little one; no, ſaid I, a great wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, a great groſs one; nay, ſaid I, a good wit; juſt, ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body; nay, ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe; certain, ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman; nay, ſaid I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, ſaid ſhe, for he ſwore a thing to me on *Monday* night, which he forſwore on *Tueſday* morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did ſhe an hour together trans-ſhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in *Italy*.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid, ſhe car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet for all that, and if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible *Benedick*'s head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour; you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd,

thank'd, hurt not. My lord, for your many courteſies I thank you; I muſt diſcontinue your company; your brother, the baſtard, is fled from *Meſſina*; you have among you killed a ſweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I ſhall meet; and 'till then, peace be with him! [*Exit* Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profound earneſt, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice*.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Moſt ſincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade *and* Borachio *guarded*.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

Pedro. But, ſoft you, let me ſee, pluck up my heart and be ſad; did he not ſay, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, Sir; if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance; nay, an you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? *Borachio*, one?

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed falſe report; moreover, they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjuſt things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. Firſt, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſon'd, and in his own diviſion; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are

are thus bound to your anſwer? This learned conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine anſwer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to ſlander the lady *Hero*; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Hero*'s garments; how you diſgrac'd her, when you ſhould marry her; my villany they have upon record, which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame; the lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon, while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery;
And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet *Hero!* now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time, our Sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and maſters do not forget to ſpecifie, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato, *and Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? let me ſee his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him; which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the ſlave, that with thy breath

Haſt

Haſt kill'd mine innocent child?
Bora. Yea, even I alone.
Leon. No, not ſo, villain; thou bely'ſt thy ſelf;
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak: chuſe your revenge yourſelf;
Impoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſin; yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.
Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet, to ſatisfie this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight,
That he'll enjoyn me to.
Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impoſſible; but, I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the People in *Meſſina* here
How innocent ſhe dy'd; and if your love
Can labour aught in ſad invention,
Hang her an Epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones; ſing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the Right you ſhould have given her Couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.
Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor *Claudio.*
Leon. To morrow then I will expect your Coming,
To night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret,*
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me.
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs: I beſeech you, let it be remembred in his puniſhment; and alſo the watch heard them talk of one *Deformed:* they ſay, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath us'd ſo long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's ſake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dogb. Your Worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth; and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God ſave the foundation!

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your Worſhip, which, I beſeech your Worſhip, to correct your ſelf, for the example of others. God keep your Worſhip; I wiſh your Worſhip well: God reſtore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

Leon. Until to morrow morning, Lords, farewel.

Ant. Farewel, my Lords; we look for you to morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To night I'll mourn with *Hero.*

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on, we'll talk with *Margaret,*
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Benedick, *and* Margaret.

Bene. PRAY thee, ſweet Miſtreſs *Margaret,* deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of *Beatrice.*

Marg. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, *Margaret,* that no man living ſhall come over it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerveſt it.

(20) *Marg.* To have no Man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep above ſtairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, *Margaret,* it will not hurt a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call *Beatrice;* I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the ſwords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you uſe them, *Margaret,* you muſt put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Sings.*] *The God of love, that ſits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deſerve,* ——— I mean in ſinging; but

(20) *To have no Man come* over *me? why, ſhall I always keep* below *Stairs?*] Thus all the printed Copies, but, ſure, erroneouſly: for all the Jeſt, that can lie in the Paſſage, is deſtroy'd by it. Any Man might come *over* her, literally ſpeaking, if ſhe always kept *below* Stairs. By the Correction I have ventur'd to make, *Margaret,* as I preſume, muſt mean, What! ſhall I always keep *above* Stairs? i. e. Shall I for ever continue a *Chambermaid?*

in loving, *Leander* the good ſwimmer, *Troilus* the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe *quondam* carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe; why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf, in love; marry, I cannot ſhew it in rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent's rhime; for *ſcorn*, *horn*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babling rhime; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in feſtival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'ſt thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but 'till then.

Beat. Then, is ſpoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath paſt between you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſt.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of its right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit; but, I muſt tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward; and, I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet; I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion; there's not one wiſe man among twenty that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance, *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Queſtion?—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rhewm; therefore it is moſt expedient for the wiſe, if Don worm (his conſcience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to my ſelf; ſo much for praiſing my ſelf; who, I my ſelf will bear witneſs, is praiſe-worthy; and now tell me, how doth your Couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter Urſula.

Urſu. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is proved, my lady *Hero* hath been falſely accus'd; the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd; and Don *John* is author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy heart; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a* CHURCH.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and Attendants with tapers.*

Claud. IS this the monument of *Leonato?*

Atten. It is, my lord.

EPITAPH.

Done to death by ſlanderous tongues
Was the Hero, *that here lyes:*
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that dy'd with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praiſing her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now muſick ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go,
Midnight, aſſiſt our moan;
Help us to ſigh and groan
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
'Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this Right.
Pedro. Good morrow, maſters, put your torches out;
The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of *Phœbus* round about
Dapples the drowſie eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.
Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to *Leonato*'s we will go.

Claud.

Claud. And *Hymen* now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's, (21)
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Leonato's *Houſe.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Urſula, Antonio, Friar, *and* Hero.

Friar. DID I not tell you, ſhe was innocent?
Leon. So are the Prince and *Claudio*, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will, as it appears,
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.
Ant. Well; I am glad, that all things ſort ſo well.
Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, Daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your ſelves,
And when I ſend for you, come hither mask'd:
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To viſit me; you know your office, brother,
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio.* [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I muſt intreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, Signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is, good Signior,
Your neice regards me with an eye of favour.

(21) *And* Hymen *now with luckier Iſſue* ſpeeds,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this Woe.] *Claudio* could not know, without being a Prophet, that this new-propos'd Match ſhould have any luckier Event than That deſign'd with *Hero*. Certainly, therefore, this ſhould be a Wiſh in *Claudio*; and, to this End, the Poet might have wrote, *ſpeed's*; i. e. *ſpeed us*: and ſo it becomes a Prayer to *Hymen*.
Dr. *Thirlby.*

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis moſt true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The ſight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?
Bene. Your anſwer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I' th' ſtate of honourable marriage;
In which, good Friar, I ſhall deſire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio, *with Attendants.*

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair aſſembly.
Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, *Claudio*,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were ſhe an *Ethiope*.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.
[*Exit* Antonio.
Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*; why, what's the matter,
That you have ſuch a *February*-face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorm and cloudineſs?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the ſavage bull:
Tuſh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And ſo all *Europe* ſhall rejoice at thee;
As once *Europa* did at luſty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.
Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your father's cow;
And got a calf, in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you; for you have juſt his bleat.

Enter Antonio, *with* Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Urſula, *maſk'd.*

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon?
Anto. This ſame is ſhe, and I do give you her.

Claud.

Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, 'till you take her hand Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar, I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife. [*Unmasking.*]
And when you lov'd, your were my other husband.

Claud. Another *Hero?* (22)

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* dy'd defil'd, but I do live;
And, surely, as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former *Hero! Hero*, that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify.
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell thee largely of fair *Hero*'s death:
Mean time let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is *Beatrice?*

Beat. I answer to that name; what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your Uncle, and the Prince, and *Claudio*, have been deceiv'd; they swore, you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my Cousin, *Margaret* and *Ursula*, Have been deceiv'd; for they did swear, you did.

(22) Claud. *Another* Hero!
Hero. —— *Nothing certainer*:
One Hero *dy'd, but I do live,*
And surely as I live I am a Maid.] Besides that the last Line but One wants a whole Foot in Measure, it is as defective in the Meaning: For how are the Words made out? One *Hero* dy'd, and yet that *Hero* lives, but how is She then another *Hero?* The Supplement, which I have restor'd from the old *Quarto*, solves all the Difficulty, and makes the last Line reasonable.

Bene.

Bene. They ſwore, you were almoſt ſick for me.
Beat. They ſwore, you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come, Couſin, I am ſure, you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I'll be ſworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a Paper written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to *Beatrice.*
Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my Couſin's hand, ſtolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedick.*
Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts; come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
(23) *Beat.* I would yet deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great perſuaſion, and partly to ſave your life; for as I was told, you were in a conſumption.
(24) *Bene.* Peace, I will ſtop your mouth. —— [*Kiſſing her.*
Pedro. How doſt thou, *Benedick*, the marry'd man?
Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a College of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: doſt thou

(23) Beat. *I would* not *deny you, but by this good day I yield upon great perſuaſion,* &c.] Is not this ſtrange Mock-reaſoning in *Beatrice?* She would not deny him but that She yields upon great Perſuaſion. —— By changing the *Negative*, I make no doubt but I have retriev'd the Poet's Humour.

(24) Leon. *Peace, I will ſtop your Mouth.*] What can *Leonato* mean by this? "Nay, pray, peace, Neice; don't keep up "this Obſtinacy of Profeſſions, for I have Proofs to ſtop your "Mouth." The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* agreed with me, that this ought to be given to *Benedick*, who, upon ſaying it, kiſſes *Beatrice:* and this being done before the whole Company, how natural is the Reply which the Prince makes upon it?

How doſt thou, Benedick? *the marry'd man*,

Beſides, this mode of Speech, preparatory to a Salute, is familiar to our Poet in common with other Stage-Writers.

think,

think, I care for a ſatire, or an epigram? no: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him; in brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it; and therefore never flout at me, for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion; for thy part, *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruis'd, and love my couſin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldeſt have denied *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queſtion, thou wilt be, if my Couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee:

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a Dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. Firſt, o' my word; therefore, play, muſick. Prince, thou art ſad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter Meſſenger.

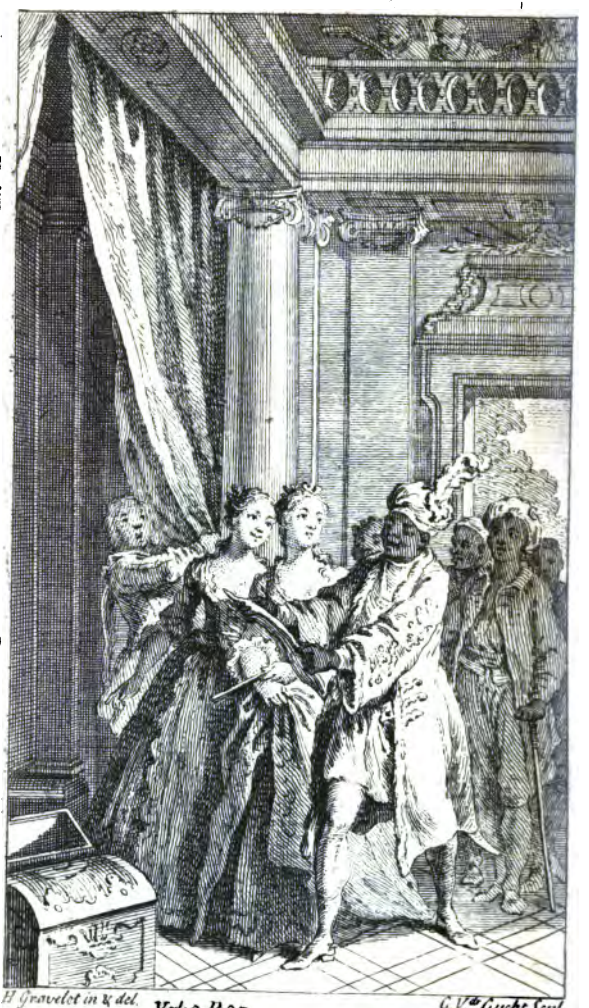
Meſſ. My Lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to *Meſſina*.

Bene. Think not on him 'till to morrow: I'll deviſe thee brave puniſhments for him. Strike up, Pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE



H Gravelot in & del. Vol: 2. P: 87. G. V.de Gucht Scul.

THE

MERCHANT

OF

VENICE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice.
Morochius, *a* Mooriſh Prince, } *Suiters to* Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
Anthonio, *the Merchant of* Venice.
Baſſanio, *his Friend, in love with* Portia.
Salanio, }
Solarino, } *Friends to* Anthonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew.
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his Friend.*
Launcelot, *a Clown, Servant to the* Jew.
Gobbo, *an old Man, Father to* Launcelot.
Leonardo, *Servant to* Baſſanio.
Balthazar, } *Servants to* Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, *an Heireſs of great Quality and Fortune.*
Neriſſa, *Confident to* Portia.
Jeſſica, *Daughter to* Shylock.

Senators of Venice, *Officers, Jailer, Servants and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly at* Venice; *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia *upon the Continent.*

THE

THE MERCHANT *of* VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in* VENICE.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

ANTHONIO.

IN ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad:
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ———
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your Argoſies with portly Sail,
Like ſigniors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtſie to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola.

Sola. Believe me, Sir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs, to know where ſits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and peers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

Sal My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtrait of dang'rous rocks?
Which, touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all the ſpices on the ſtream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ſad?
But tell not me; — I know, *Anthonio*
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sola. Not in love neither! then let's ſay, you're ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſy
For you to laugh and leap, and ſay, you're merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,

And

And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of ſuch vinegar-aſpect,
That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſwear, the jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenzo *and* Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes *Baſſanio*, your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano and *Lorenzo*: fare ye well;
We leave ye now with better company.
Sola. I would have ſtaid 'till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard:
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace th' occaſion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.
Baſſ. Good Signiors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange; muſt it be ſo?
Sal. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.
Sola. My lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you've found *Anthonio*,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we muſt meet.
Baſſ. I will not fail you. [*Exeunt* Solar. *and* Sala.
Gra. You look not well, Signior *Anthonio*;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.
Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where every man muſt play his part,
And mine's a ſad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool; ——
With mirth, and laughter; let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in Alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, *Anthonio*,
(I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks:)
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages

Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, I am *Sir Oracle*,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who, I'm very ſure,
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears, (1)
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good *Lorenzo*; fare ye well a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then 'till dinner-time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men;
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare well; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neats tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* Gra. *and* Loren.

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all *Venice:* his reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall

(1) —— *would almoſt* damn *thoſe Ears.*] Several Old Editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct Copies, *damn*. The Author's Meaning is this; That ſome People are thought wiſe, whilſt they keep Silence; who, when they open their mouths, are ſuch ſtupid Praters, that their Hearers cannot help calling them *Fools*, and ſo incur the Judgment denounc'd in the *Goſpel*. The Alluſion is to St. *Matthew*, Chap. v. ver. 22. *And whoſoever ſhall ſay to his Brother*, Raca, *ſhall be in danger of the Council: but whoſoever ſhall ſay*, thou Fool, *ſhall be in danger of Hell-fire.*

ſeek

ſeek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Anthonio*,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſhewing ſomething a more ſwelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance;
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: to you, *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in mony, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
T' unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good *Baſſanio*, let me know it;
And if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour; be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt means
Lie all unlock'd to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; by ventring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

Anth. You know me well; and herein ſpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,

Than

Than if you had made waſte of all I have.
Then do but ſay to me, what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore, ſpeak.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometime, from her eyes (2)
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages;
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato*'s daughter, *Brutus' Portia:*
Nor is the wide world ign'rant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors; and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont*, *Colchos'* ſtrond;
And many *Jaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Nor have I mony, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum; therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in *Venice* do;
That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont*, to fair *Portia:*
Go, preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where mony is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

(2) ——ſometimes *from her Eyes.*] So all the Editions; but it certainly ought to be, *ſometime*, (which differs much more in Signification, than ſeems at firſt View:) i. e. *formerly, ſome time ago*, at a *certain time:* and it appears by the ſubſequent Scene, that *Baſſanio* was at *Belmont* with the Marquis *de Mountſerrat*, and ſaw *Portia* in her Father's life-time. And our Author, in ſeveral other Places, uſes the Word in ſuch Acceptation.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* BELMONT.

Three Caskets are ſet out, one of gold, another of ſilver, and another of lead.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. BY my troth, *Neriſſa*, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no mean happineſs to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches; and poor mens cottages, Princes' palaces. He is a good divine, that follows his own inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to skip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple! But this reaſoning is not in faſhion to chuſe me a husband: O me, the word, chuſe! I may neither chuſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard, *Neriſſa*, that I cannot chuſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inſpirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chuſes his meaning, chuſes you) will no doubt never be choſen by any rightly, but one whom you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth

warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nam'st them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the *Neapolitan* Prince.

Por. Ay, that's a Dolt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; (3) and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady, his mother, play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the Count *Palatine.*

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, if you will not have me, chuse: he hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two?

Ner. How say you by the *French* Lord, Monsieur *Le Boun?*

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man; in truth, I know, it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the *Neapolitan*'s; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count *Palatine*; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls strait a capering; he will fence with his

(3) *Ay, that's a* Colt, *indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse*;] Tho' all the Editions agree in this Reading, I can perceive neither Humour, nor Reasoning, in it: How does talking of Horses, or knowing how to shoe them, make a Man e'er the more a *Colt?* Or, if a *Smith*, and a *Lady* of *Figure* were to have an Affair together, would a *Colt* be the Issue of their Caresses? This seems to me to be *Portia*'s Meaning, *What do you tell me of the* Neapolitan *Prince, he is such a stupid Dunce, that, instead of saying fine things to me, he does Nothing but talk of his Horses.* The Word, *Dolt*, which I have substituted, fully answers this Idea; and signifies one of the most *stupid* and *blockish* of the Vulgar: and in this Acceptation it is used by our Author.

own

own ſhadow; if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands. If he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young Baron of *England*?

Por. You know, I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands not me, nor I him; he hath neither *Latin*, *French*, nor *Italian*; and you may come into the court and ſwear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the *Engliſh*. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? how oddly he is ſuited! I think, he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the *Scotiſh* lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the *Engliſhman*, and ſwore he would pay him again, when he was able. I think, the *Frenchman* became his ſurety, and ſealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young *German*, the Duke of *Saxony*'s nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning when he is ſober, and moſt vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk; when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt; and the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope, I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chuſe, and chuſe the right caſket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee, ſet a deep glaſs of *Rheniſh* wine on the contrary caſket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know, he will chuſe it. I will do any thing, *Neriſſa*, ere I will be marry'd to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations,

minations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibylla*, I will die as chaſte as *Diana*, unleſs I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will: I am glad, this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence, and wiſh them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a *Venetian*, a ſcholar and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquiſs of *Mountferrat?*

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*; as I think, he was ſo call'd.

Ner. True, Madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word, the Prince, his maſter, will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewel, I ſhould be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me, than wive me. Come, *Neriſſa*. Sirrah, go before; while we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a publick Place in* Venice.

Enter Baſſanio *and* Shylock.

Shy. THree thouſand ducats? well.

Baſſ. Ay, Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months? well.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio ſhall become bound? well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? will you pleaſure me? ſhall I know your anſwer?

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months, and *Anthonio* bound?

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no; my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*; I underſtand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*; and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad. But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient; three thouſand ducats? I think, I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be aſſur'd, I may; and that I may be aſſur'd, I will bethink me; may I ſpeak with *Anthonio?*

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation, which your prophet the *Nazarite* conjur'd the devil into! I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the *Ryalto?* — who is he, comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is Signior *Anthonio.*

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning *Publican* he looks! I hate him, for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicity
He lends out mony *gratis*, and brings down

The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Ev'n there where merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt. Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Baſſ. Shylock, do you hear? ——

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tuball, a wealthy *Hebrew* of my tribe,
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Do you deſire? Reſt you fair, good Signior;
[*To* Anth.
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a cuſtom. —— Is he yet poſſeſt,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo;
Well then, your bond; and let me ſee, —— but hear you,
Methought, you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never uſe it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his uncle *Laban*'s ſheep, —
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take intereſt?

Shy. No, not take int'reſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly, int'reſt; mark, what *Jacob* did.
When *Laban* and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the yeanlings, which were ſtreak'd and pied,

Should

Should fall as *Jacob*'s hire; the ewes, being rank,
In th' end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands;
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were *Jacob*'s.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that *Jacob* ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his pow'r to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heav'n.
Was this inſerted to make int'reſt good?
Or is your gold, and ſilver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt;
But note me, Signior.

Anth. Mark you this, *Baſſanio?*
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe. ——
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath!

Shy. Three thouſand ducats! 'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.

Ant. Well, *Shylock*, ſhall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the *Ryalto* you have rated me,
About my monies and my uſances.
Still have I born it with a patient ſhrug;
(For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)
You call me miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit upon my *Jewiſh* gaberdine;
And all for uſe of that, which is my own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylock, we would have monies; you ſay ſo;
You that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur

Over your threſhold : mony is your ſuit;
What ſhould I ſay to you? ſhould I not ſay,
Hath a dog mony? is it poſſible,
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whiſp'ring humbleneſs,
Say this, —— fair Sir, you ſpit on me laſt *Wedneſday*,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for theſe curteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies?

Anth. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this mony, lend it not
As to thy friend, (for when did friendſhip take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?) (4)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, how you ſtorm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with;
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindneſs.

Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow;
Go with me to a Notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit

(4) *A* breed *of* barren *Metal.*] Meaning, Mony at Uſury, Mony that *breeds* more, as Mr. *Pope* explains it. Conſonant to this Phraſe, the *Latines* explain'd Intereſt thus; *Fœnus, fœtum accepti*: and the *Greeks* call'd it τόκος: both which Expreſſions take in our Poet's Idea of a *Breed*. As for the Contradiction betwixt *breed* and *barren*, it is a poetical Beauty in which *Claudian*, among the Claſſics, particularly abounds.

Be

Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it shall please me.
Anth. Content; in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the *Jew*.
Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months (that's a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father *Abraham*, what these christians are!
Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect
The thoughts of others! pray you, tell me this,
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable or profitable,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.
Anth. Yes, *Shylock*, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats strait;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*
Anth. Hie thee, gentle *Jew*.
This *Hebrew* will turn christian; he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.
Anth. Come on, in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *BELMONT.*

Enter Morochius, *a Tawny-Moor, all in white; and three or four Followers accordingly; with* Portia, Neriſſa, *and her train. Flouriſh Cornets.*

MOROCHIUS.

MISLIKE me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where *Phœbus'* fire ſcarce thaws the iſicles,
And let us make incifion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chuſing.
But if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yield myſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you;
Yourſelf, renowned Prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Ev'n for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,
That ſlew the Sophy and a *Perſian* Prince,
That won three fields of Sultan *Solyman*,

I would

I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If *Hercules* and *Lichas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his page; (5)
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that, which one unworthier may attain;
And die with grieving.

Por. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chuſe at all,
Or ſwear, before you chuſe, if you chuſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore, be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; therefore, bring me to my chance.

Por. Firſt, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

(5) *So is* Alcides *beaten by his Rage.*] Tho' the whole Set of Editions concur in this Reading, and it paſs'd wholly unſuſpected by the late Learned Editor; I am very well aſſur'd, and, I dare ſay, the Readers will be ſo too preſently, that it is corrupt at Bottom. Let us look into the Poet's Drift, and the Hiſtory of the Perſons mention'd in the Context. If *Hercules* (ſays he) and *Lichas* were to play at Dice for the Deciſion of their Superiority, *Lichas*, the weaker Man, might have the better Caſt of the Two. But how then is *Alcides* beaten by his *rage?* The Poet means no more, than, if *Lichas* had the better Throw, ſo might *Hercules* himſelf be beaten by *Lichas*. And who was He, but a poor unfortunate Servant of *Hercules*, that unknowingly brought his Maſter the envenom'd Shirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur *Neſſus*, and was thrown headlong into the Sea for his pains? This one Circumſtance of *Lichas*'s Quality known ſufficiently aſcertains the Emendation, I have ſubſtituted of *page* inſtead of *rage*. It is ſcarce requiſite to hint here, it is a Point ſo well known, that *Page* has been always us'd in *Engliſh* to ſignify any Boy-Servant: as well as what latter Times have appropriated it to, a Lady's *Trainbearer*.

light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not *Launcelot* my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am *Launcelot*, your boy, that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not, what I ſhall think of that: but I am *Launcelot* the *Jew*'s man, and, I am ſure, *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery*, indeed. I'll be ſworn, if thou be *Launcelot*, thou art my own fleſh and blood: lord worſhip'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than *Dobbin* my Thill-horſe has on his tail.

Laun. It ſhould ſeem then, that *Dobbin*'s tail grows backward; I am ſure, he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd! how doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt 'till I have run ſome ground. My maſter's a very *Jew*: give him a preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your preſent to one maſter *Baſſanio*, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man; to him, father, for I am a *Jew*, if I ſerve the *Jew* any longer.

Enter Baſſanio *with* Leonardo, *and a follower or two more.*

Baſſ. You may do ſo; but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: ſee theſe letters

letters deliver'd, put the liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your worſhip!

Baſſ. Gramercy, would'ſt thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, Sir, a poor boy, ——

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich *Jew*'s man, that would, Sir, as my father ſhall ſpecifie, ——

Gob. He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would ſay, to ſerve.

Laun. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the *Jew*, and have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecifie,—

Gob. His maſter and he, ſaving your worſhip's reverence, are ſcarce catercouſins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the *Jew*, having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutifie unto you, ——

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip; and my ſuit is ——

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to myſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit;
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment
To leave a rich *Jew*'s ſervice, to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter *Shylock* and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well; go, father, with thy ſon:
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out; give him a livery,
More guarded than his fellows: ſee it done.

Laun. Father, in; I cannot get a ſervice, no? I have ne'er a tongue in my head? well, if any man in *Italy* have

See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue; moſt beautiful Pagan, moſt ſweet *Jew!* if a chriſtian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiv'd; but adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit: adieu! [*Exit.*

Jeſ. Farewel, good *Launcelot.*

Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child?
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo,*
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the* STREET.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. NAY, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time, diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sola. 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock, we have two hours
To furniſh us. Friend *Launcelot,* what's the news?

Enter Launcelot, *with a letter.*

Laun. An' it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this, it ſhall ſeem to ſignifie.

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper, it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old maſter the *Jew* to ſup to-night with my new maſter the chriſtian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this; tell gentle *Jeſſica,*

I will

I will not fail her; ſpeak it privately,
Go. — Gentlemen, will you prepare for this maſque to night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer. [*Exit* Laun.
Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it ſtrait.
Sola. And ſo will I.
Lor. Meet me, and *Gratiano*,
At *Gratiano*'s lodging ſome hour hence.
Sal. 'Tis good, we do ſo. [*Exit.*
Gra. Was not that letter from fair *Jeſſica?*
Lor. I muſt needs tell thee all; ſhe hath directed,
How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe;
What gold and jewels ſhe is furniſh'd with;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the *Jew* her father come to heav'n,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs *Jew*.
Come, go with me; peruſe this, as thou goeſt;
Fair *Jeſſica* ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Shylock's *Houſe.*

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. WELL, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylock* and *Baſſanio*.
What, *Jeſſica!* — thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me — what, *Jeſſica!* —
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out.
Why, *Jeſſica!* I ſay.
Laun. Why, *Jeſſica!*
Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jeſſica.

Jeſ. Call you? what is your will?

Shy.

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper, *Jeſſica*;
There are my keys: but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal chriſtian. *Jeſſica*, my girl,
Look to my houſe; I am right loth to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of mony-bags to night.

Laun. I beſeech you, Sir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conſpired together, I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſix a-clock i'th' morning, falling out that year on Aſh-Wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there maſques? hear you me, *Jeſſica*,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet,
To gaze on chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears; I mean, my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Jacob*'s ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to night:
But I will go; go you before me, ſirrah:
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, Sir.
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a chriſtian by,
Will be worth a *Jeweſs*' eye. [*Exit* Laun.

Shy. What ſays that fool of *Hagar*'s off-ſpring, ha?

Jeſ. His words were, farewel, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:
Snail-ſlow in profit, but he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waſte

His

His borrow'd purſe. Well, *Jeſſica*, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you. ———
Shut the doors after you; *faſt bind, faſt find*;
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
Jeſ. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter, loſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the STREET.*

Enter Gratiano *and* Salanio *in maſquerade.*

Gra. This is the pent-houſe, under which *Lorenzo* deſired us to make a ſtand.

Sal. His hour is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faſter *Venus'* pidgeons fly (7)
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riſeth from a feaſt,
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe, that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with th' unbated fire,
That he did pace them firſt? all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The ſkarfed bark puts from her native bay,

(7) *O, ten times faſter* Venus' Pidgeons *fly*.] This is a very odd Image, of *Venus*'s Pidgeons flying to ſeal the Bonds of Love. The Senſe is obvious, and We know the Dignity due to *Venus*'s Pidgeons. There was certainly a Joke intended here, which the Ignorance, or Boldneſs, of the firſt Tranſcribers have murder'd: I doubt not, but *Shakeſpear* wrote the Line thus:

O, ten times faſter Venus' Widgeons *fly*
To ſeal, &c.

For *Widgeon* is not only the ſilly Bird ſo call'd, but ſignifies likewiſe, metaphorically, a *ſilly Fellow*, as *Gooſe*, or *Gudgeon*, does now. Mr. *Warburton.*

Hugg'd

Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth ſhe return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo:* more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; come, approach;
Here dwells my father *Jew.* Hoa, who's within?

Jeſſica *above, in boy's cloaths.*

Jeſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I ſwear, that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jeſ. Lorenzo certain, and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? and now who knows,
But you, *Lorenzo,* whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy thoughts are witneſs, that thou art.

Jeſ. Here, catch this caſket, it is worth the pains.
I'm glad, 'tis night, you do not look on me;
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jeſ. What muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, goodſooth, are too, too, light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once ——
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio*'s feaſt.

Jeſ. I will make faſt the doors, and gild my ſelf
With

With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtrait.
[*Exit from above.*

Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no *Jew*.

Lor. Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily;
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is as ſhe hath prov'd her ſelf;
And therefore like her ſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

Enter Jeſſica, *to them.*

What, art thou come? on, gentlemen, away;
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay. [*Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio*, ———

Anth. Fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o' clock, our friends all ſtay for you;
No maſque to night; the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard;
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.

Gra. I'm glad on't; I deſire no more delight
Than to be under ſail, and gone to night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Belmont.

Enter Portia *with* Morochius, *and both their trains.*

Por. GO, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſev'ral caskets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice. [*Three caskets are diſcover'd.*

Mor. The firſt of gold, which this inſcription bears,
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
The ſecond ſilver, which this promiſe carries,
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know, if I do chuſe the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince;
If you chuſe that, then I am yours withal.

Mor.

Mor. Some God direct my judgment! let me see,
I will survey th' inscriptions back again;
What says this leaden casket?
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then not give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves? pause there, *Morochius*;
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of my self.
As much as I deserve —— why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.
Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
Th' *Hyrcanian* deserts, and the vastie wilds
Of wide *Arabia*, are as thorough-fares now,
For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair *Portia*.
One of these three contains her heav'nly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'twere damnation,
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her sercloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,

Being

Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold?
O sinful thought, never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold! they have in *England*
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculpt upon:
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the key;
Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There take it, Prince, and if my form lye there,
Then I am yours. [*Unlocking the gold casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here? a carrion death,
Within whose empty eye there is a scrowl:
I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold:
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd;
Fare you well, your suit is cold.

Mor. Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then farewel, heat; and welcome, frost:
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus lovers part. [*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtains; go —
Let all of his complexion chuse me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Venice.

Enter Solarino *and* Salanio.

Sal. WHY, man, I saw *Bassanio* under sail;
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ship, I'm sure, *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to search *Bassanio*'s ship.

Sal.

Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail;
But there the Duke was giv'n to underſtand,
That in a *Gondola* were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his am'rous *Jeſſica:*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certify'd the Duke,
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.

Sola. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog *Jew* did utter in the ſtreets;
My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter,
Fled with a chriſtian? O my chriſtian ducats!
Juſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter!
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtoll'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two ſtones, rich and precious ſtones,
Stoll'n by my daughter! juſtice! find the girl;
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why, all the boys in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sola. Let good *Anthonio* look, he keep his day;
Or he ſhall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
I reaſon'd with a *Frenchman* yeſterday,
Who told me, in the narrow ſeas, that part
The *French* and *Engliſh*, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio*, when he told me,
And wiſh'd in ſilence, that it were not his.

Sola. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part.
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: he anſwer'd, do not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſs for my ſake, *Baſſanio*.
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the *Jew*'s bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love,

As

As ſhall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wond'rous ſenſible
He wrung *Baſſanio*'s hand, and ſo they parted.

Sola. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs
With ſome delight or other.

Sal. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Belmont.

Enter Neriſſa *with a Servant.*

Ner. QUICK, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait;
The Prince of *Arragon* has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter Arragon, *his train,* Portia. *Flour. Cornets.*
The Caskets are diſcover'd.

Por. Behold, there ſtand the caskets, noble Prince;
If you chuſe that, wherein I am contain'd,
Strait ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath t' obſerve three things;
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Laſt, if I fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

Ar. And ſo have I addreſt me; fortune now
To my heart's hope! gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
Who chuſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha, let me ſee;

Who chuſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire —— that may be meant
Of the fool-multitude, that chuſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pry not to th' interior, but like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Ev'n in the force and road of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
Why then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe:
Tell me once more, what title thou doſt bear.
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;
And well ſaid too, for who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity:
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeed of honour? how much honour (8)
Pickt from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd? well, but to my choice:
Who chuſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:

(8) —— *how much honour*
Pick'd *from the* Chaff *and Ruin of the Times,*
To be new varniſh'd.] Mr. *Warburton* very juſtly obſerv'd to me upon the Confuſion and Diſagreement of the *Metaphors* here; and is of Opinion, that *Shakeſpeare* might have wrote;
To be new vanned. ——
i. e. winnow'd, purged: from the *French* Word, *vanner*; which is deriv'd from the *Latin*, *vannus*, *ventilabrum*, the *Fan* uſed for winnowing the Chaff from the Corn. This Alteration, as he obſerves, reſtores the Metaphor to its Integrity: and our Poet frequently uſes the ſame Thought. But as *Shakeſpeare* is ſo looſe and licentious in the blending of different Metaphors, I have not ventur'd to diſturb the Text.

I

I will assume desert; give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.
[*Unlocking the silver casket.*

Ar. What's here! the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to *Portia?*
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?
Who chuses me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never chuse amiss.
Some there be, that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, Sir, you are sped.

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear,
By the time I linger here.
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wrath. [*Exit.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth:
O these deliberate fools! when they do chuse,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, *Nerissa.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here, what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young *Venetian*, one that comes before
To ſignify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit, beſides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet, I have not ſeen
So likely an ambaſſador of love.
A day in *April* never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou'lt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee:
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him:
Come, come, *Neriſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quick *Cupid*'s poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.
Ner. Baſſanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! (9)
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Street in* VENICE.

Enter Salanio *and* Solarino.

SOLARINO.

NOW, what news on the *Ryalto*?
Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wreckt on the narrow ſeas; the *Godwins*, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcaſes

(9) Baſſanio *Lord, love, if*] Mr. *Pope*, and all the preceding Editors have follow'd this pointing; as imagining, I ſuppoſe, that *Baſſanio* lord ——— means, Lord *Baſſanio*; but *Lord* muſt be coupled to *Love*: as if ſhe had ſaid, "Imperial "Love, if it be thy Will, let it be *Baſſanio* whom this "Meſſenger foreruns.

of

of many a tall ſhip lye bury'd, as they ſay, if my goſſip *Report* be an honeſt woman of her word.

Sola. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapt ginger; or made her neighbours believe, ſhe wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honeſt *Anthonio* —— O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full ſtop.

Sola. Ha, what ſay'ſt thou? why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes.

Sola. Let me ſay *Amen* betimes, leſt the devil croſs thy prayer, (10) for here he comes in the likeneſs of a *Jew*. How now, *Shylock*, what news among the merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew (none ſo well, none ſo well as you) of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the taylor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

Sola. And *Shylock*, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

Sola. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at theſe years?

Shy. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh:

(10) —— *leſt the Devil croſs my Prayer.*] But the Prayer was *Salanio*'s. The other only, as Clerk, ſays *Amen* to it. We muſt therefore read —— thy *Prayer.* Mr. *Warburton.*

but tell us, do you hear, whether *Anthonio* have had any loſs at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares ſcarce ſhew his head on the *Rialto*; a beggar that us'd to come ſo ſmug upon the mart! let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me uſurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend mony for a chriſtian courteſie; let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fiſh withal. If it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gains, ſcorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame means, warm'd and cool'd by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a chriſtian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a chriſtian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a chriſtian wrong a *Jew*, what ſhould his ſufferance be by chriſtian example? why, Revenge. The Villany, you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a Servant from Anthonio.

Serv. Gentlemen, my maſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sola. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unleſs the devil himſelf turn *Jew*.

[*Exeunt* Sala. *and* Solar.

Shy.

Shy. How now, *Tubal*, what news from *Genoua*? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in *Franckfort!* the curſe never fell upon our nation 'till now, I never felt it 'till now; two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the Jewels in her ear; O, would ſhe were hers'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them; why ſo! and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; *Anthonio*, as I heard in *Genoua* ——————

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argoſie caſt away, coming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God; is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good *Tubal*; good news, good news; ha, ha, where? in *Genoua?*

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me: I ſhall never ſee my gold again; fourſcore ducats, at a ſitting, fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of *Anthonio*'s creditors in my company to *Venice*, that ſwear he cannot chuſe but break.

Shy. I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhew'd me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monky.

Shy. Out upon her! thou tortureſt me, *Tubal*; it was my *Turquoiſe*, I had it of *Leah* when I was a batchelor; I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true; that's very true; go ſee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go, go, *Tubal*, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good *Tubal*; at our ſynagogue, *Tubal*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Belmont.

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, *and attendants.*
The Caskets are ſet out.

Por. I Pray you, tarry; pauſe a day or two,
Before you hazard; for in chuſing wrong
I loſe your company; therefore, forbear a while.
There's ſomething tells me (but it is not love)
I would not loſe you; and you know yourſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality.
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chuſe right, but I am then forſworn:
So will I never be; ſo you may miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would ſay: but if mine, then yours;
And ſo all yours. Alas! theſe naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights:
And ſo thō' yours, not yours; prove it ſo,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeak too long, but 'tis to peece the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,

To

To ſtay you from election.
Baſſ. Let me chuſe:
For as I am, I live upon the rack.
Por. Upon the rack, *Baſſanio?* then confeſs,
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.
Baſſ. None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.
Por. Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack;
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.
Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſs and live.
Baſſ. Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then! I am lockt in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof,
Let muſick ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſick. That the compariſon
May ſtand more juſt, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſick then? then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch; ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence, but with much more love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute paid, by howling *Troy*
To the ſea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice;
The reſt aloof are the *Dardanian* wives,
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th' exploit. Go, *Hercules!*

Live thou, I live; with much, much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou, that mak'ſt the fray.
[*Muſick within.*

A Song, whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the caskets to himſelf.*

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eye,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lyes:
Let us all ring fancy's knell.
I'll begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves:
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with Ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? in religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſsneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*;
Who, inward ſearcht, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt, that wear moſt of it.
So are thoſe criſpy ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known

To

To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſkull, that bred them, in the ſepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dang'rous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an *Indian* beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wiſeſt. Then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatneſt, than doſt promiſe aught, (11)
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence;
And here chuſe I; joy be the conſequence!

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealouſie.
O love, be moderate, allay thy extaſie;
In meaſure rain thy joy, ſcant this exceſs,
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit. [*Opening the leaden Caſket.*

Baſſ. What find I here?
Fair *Portia*'s counterfeit? what Demi-god
Hath come ſo near creation? move theſe Eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t' intrap the hearts of men,

(11) *Thy* Paleneſs *moves me more than Eloquence*;] *Baſſanio* is diſpleas'd at the golden *Caſket* for its *Gawdineſs*, and the Silver one for its *Paleneſs*; but, What! is he charm'd with the Leaden one for having the very ſame Quality that diſpleas'd him in the Silver? The Poet never intended ſuch an abſurd Reaſoning. He certainly wrote,

Thy Plainneſs *moves me more than Eloquence*; This characteizes the Lead from the Silver, which *Paleneſs* does not, they being both *pale*. Beſides, there is a Beauty in the *Antitheſis* between *Plainneſs* and *Eloquence*; between *Paleneſs* and *Eloquence* none. Mr. *Warburton*.

Faſter

Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes, ——
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have pow'r to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfiniſh'd: yet how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it; ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the Subſtance. Here's the ſcrowl,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chuſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcrowl; fair lady, by your leave;
[*Kiſſing her.*
I come by note to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a Prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing applauſe and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill in doubt,
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe be his or no;
So (thrice fair lady) ſtand I, even ſo,
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee me, lord *Baſſanio*, where I ſtand,
Such as I am; tho' for myſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my Wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better; yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf,
A thouſand times more fair; ten thouſand times
More rich; that, to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of ſomething, which, to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:

Happy

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; more happy then in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits it self to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her King:
My self, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er my self; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same my self
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring,
Which, when you part from, lose or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such Confusion in my pow'rs,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Expressed, and not expressed. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, *Bassanio*'s dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy, good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Ev'n at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours;
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;

You

You lov'd; I lov'd: for intermiſſion (12)
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the casket there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I ſweat again,
And ſwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtreſs.

Por. Is this true, *Neriſſa?*

Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

Baſſ. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Baſſ. Our Feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy for a thouſand Ducats.

Ner. What, and ſtake down?

Gra. No, we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.
But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his Infidel?
What, and my old *Venetian* friend, *Salanio!*

Enter Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Salanio.

Baſſ. Lorenzo and *Salanio*, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new Intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,

(12) *You lov'd; I lov'd for* intermiſſion.] Thus this Paſſage has been nonſenſically pointed thro' all the Editions. If *loving for intermiſſion* can be expounded into any Senſe, I confeſs, I as yet am ignorant, and ſhall be glad to be inſtructed in it. But till then I muſt beg leave to think, the Sentence ought to be thus regulated;

You lov'd, I lov'd; —— *For* Intermiſſion
No more pertains to me, my Lord, than You.

i. e. ſtanding idle; a Pauſe or Diſcontinuance of Action. And ſuch is the Signification of *Intermiſſio* and *Intermiſſus* amongſt the *Latines*.

I bid my very friends and country-men,
(Sweet *Portia*) welcome.
Por. So do I, my Lord; they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour; for my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with *Salanio* by the way,
He did intreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reaſon for't; Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you. [*Gives* Baſſanio *a Letter.*
Baſſ. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind; his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate. [Baſſanio *opens the letter.*
Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yond ſtranger: Bid her welcome.
Your hand, *Salanio*; what's the news from *Venice?*
How doth that royal merchant, good *Anthonio?*
I know, he will be glad of our Succeſs:
We are the *Jaſons*, we have won the fleece.
Sal. Would you had won the fleece, that he hath loſt!
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd Contents in yond ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from *Baſſanio*'s cheek:
Some dear Friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe!
With leave, *Baſſanio*, I am half your ſelf,
And I muſt have the half of any thing
That this ſame Paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia!*
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating my ſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee

How

How much I was a braggart: when I told you,
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you,
That I was worſe than nothing. For, indeed,
I have engag'd my ſelf to a dear Friend,
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper, as the body of my friend;
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood. But is it true, *Salanio?*
Have all his ventures fail'd? what, not one hit?
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India?*
And not one veſſel 'ſcap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent mony to diſcharge the *Jew*,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himſelf, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To *Tubal* and to *Chus* his country-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio*'s fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and pow'r deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt Man,
The beſt condition'd and unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in *Italy*.

Por.

Por. What Sum owes he the *Jew?*
Baſſ. For me, three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a Friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through my *Baſſanio*'s fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend:
For never ſhall you lie by *Portia*'s ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
My maid *Neriſſa* and my ſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows: come, away!
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Baſſ. reads. *SWeet* Baſſanio, *my ſhips have all miſcarry'd, and my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the* Jew *is forfeit; and ſince in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and me, if I might but ſee you at my death; notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love! diſpatch all Buſineſs, and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte; but 'till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay;
No reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Street in* Venice.

Enter Shylock, Solarino, Anthonio, *and the* Goaler.

Shy. GOaler, look to him: tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool, that lent out mony *gratis*.
Goaler, look to him. *Ant.*

Ant. Hear me yet, good *Shylock.*

Shy. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond:
I've ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou hadſt a cauſe;
But ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke ſhall grant me juſtice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty goaler, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more;
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit* Shylock.

Sola. It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs pray'rs:
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many, that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am ſure, the Duke
Will never grant this Forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of law;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore go,
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, goaler, on; pray God, *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* BELMONT.

Enter Portia, Neriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and* Balthazar.

Lor. MAdam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of God like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief to,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband;
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent of doing good,
And ſhall not now; for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think, that this *Anthonio*,
Being the boſom-lover of my lord,
Muſt needs be like my lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtowed,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of my ſelf; (13)
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.——
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have tow'rd heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,

(13) *This comes too near the praiſing of my ſelf;*
Therefore no more of it: here *other things*,
Lorenzo, *I commit*, &c.] Thus has this Paſſage been writ and pointed, but abſurdly, thro' all the Editions. *Portia* finding the reflections ſhe had made came too near Self-praiſe, begins to chide herſelf for it: ſays, She'll ſay no more of that Sort; but call a new Subject. The Regulation I have made in the Text was likewiſe preſcrib'd by Dr. *Thirlby*.

To

To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by *Neriſſa* here,
Until her husband and my Lord's return.
There is a monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you,
Not to deny this Impoſition:
The which my love and ſome neceſſity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I ſhall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jeſſica*
In place of lord *Baſſanio* and my ſelf.
So fare you well, 'till we ſhall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jeſ. I wiſh your ladyſhip all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wiſh, and am well-pleaſed
To wiſh it back on you: fare you well, *Jeſſica*.
[*Exeunt* Jeſ. *and* Lor.

Now, *Balthazar*,
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill: take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all th' endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to *Padua*; ſee thou render this (14)
Into my couſin's hand, Doctor *Bellario*;
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the Traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to *Venice:* waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*

(14) *In ſpeed to* Mantua;] Thus all the old Copies; and thus all the Modern Editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent Reader, that We muſt reſtore, as I have done, *In ſpeed to* Padua: For it was there, and not at *Mantua*, *Bellario* liv'd. So afterwards;——*A Meſſenger, with Letters from the* Doctor, *New come from* Padua——And again, *Came you from* Padua, *from* Bellario?——And again, *It comes from* Padua, *from* Bellario.—Beſides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the Place of Education for the Civil Law in *Italy*.

Por.

Por. Come on, *Neriſſa*; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our husbands,
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they ſee us?
Por. They ſhall, *Neriſſa*; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed Voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd,
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell;
That men ſhall ſwear, I've diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelve-month. I have in my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging jacks,
Which I will practiſe.
Ner. Shall we turn to men?
Por. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd Interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Launcelot *and* Jeſſica.

Laun. Yes, truly: for look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly, I think, you are damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.

Jeſ.

Jef. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jew*'s daughter.

Jef. That were a kind of baſtard hope, indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both by father and mother; thus when you ſhun *Scylla*, your father, you fall into *Charybdis*, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jef. I ſhall be ſaved by my husband; he hath made me a chriſtian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were chriſtians enough before, e'en as many as could well live one by another: this making of chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jef. I'll tell my husband, *Launcelot*, what you ſay: here he comes:

Lor. I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, *Launcelot*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jef. Nay, you need not fear us, *Lorenzo*; *Launcelot* and I are out; he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heav'n, becauſe I am a *Jew*'s Daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the common-wealth; for, in converting *Jews* to chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the common-wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the *Moor* is with child by you, *Launcelot*.

Laun. It is much, that the *Moor* ſhould be *more* than reaſon: but if ſhe be *leſs* than an honeſt woman, ſhe is indeed *more* than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none but parrots. Go in, ſirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, Sir; they have all ſtomachs.

Lor.

Lor. Good lord, what a wit-ſnapper are you! then id them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, Sir; only, cover is the vord.

Lor. Will you cover then, Sir?

Laun. Not ſo, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! wilt thou hew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray hee underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to hy fellows, bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, nd we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, Sir, it ſhall be ſerv'd in; for the neat, Sir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* Laun.

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſie word
Deſie the matter: how far'ſt thou, *Jeſſica?*
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord *Baſſanio*'s wife?

Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: it is very meet,
The lord *Baſſanio* live an upright life.
For, having ſuch a Bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth:
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reaſon he ſhould never come to heav'n.
Why, if two Gods ſhould play ſome heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

Jeſ. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: firſt, let us go to dinner.

Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomach.

Lor.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things,
I ſhall digeſt it.
Jeſ. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Senate-houſe in* VENICE.

Enter the Duke, *the Senators*; Anthonio, Baſſanio, *and* Gratiano, *at the Bar.*

DUKE.

WHAT, is *Anthonio* here?
Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your Grace.
Duke. I'm ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard,
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualifie
His rig'rous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the *Jew* into the Court.
Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than

Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo hudled on his back,
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down;
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From ſtubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſie.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, *Jew.*

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your Grace of what I purpoſe.
And by our holy *Sabbath* have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom!
You'll ask me, why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats? I'll not anſwer that.
But ſay, it is my humour; is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? what, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,
Cannot contain their urine for affection. (15)

Maſterleſs

(15) *Cannot contain their Urine for Affection.*
Maſterleſs paſſion *ſways it to the Mood*
Of what it likes, or loaths.] *Maſterleſs Paſſion* was firſt Mr. *Rowe*'s Reading, (on what Authority, I am at a loſs to know;) which Mr. *Pope* has ſince copied. And tho' I have not diſturb'd the Text, yet, I muſt obſerve, I don't know what Word there is to which this Relative [*it*, in the 2d Line] is to be referr'd. The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*, therefore, would thus adjuſt the Paſſage,

Maſterleſs paſſion ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your anſwer:
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?

Baſſ. This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
T' excuſe the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.

Baſſ. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Baſſ. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at firſt.

Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think, you queſtion with a *Jew*.
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his uſual height.
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,

Cannot contain their Urine; for Affection,
* Maſter *of Paſſion, ſways* it *&c.* * *Or*, Miſtreſs.

And then *it* is govern'd of *Paſſion*: and the two old *Quarto's* and *Folio's* read.——Maſters of *Paſſion*, &c.

It may be objected, that *Affection* and *Paſſion* are Synonymous Terms, and mean the ſame thing. I agree, they do at this time. But I obſerve, the Writers of our Author's Age made a ſort of Diſtinction: conſidering the One as the *Cauſe*, the Other as the *Effect*. And then, in this place, *Affection* will ſtand for that *Sympathy* or *Antipathy* of Soul, by which we are provok'd to ſhew a *Liking* or *Diſguſt* in the Working of our *Paſſions*.

Whea

When they are fretted with the guſts of heav'n.
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that, (than which what's harder!)
His *Jewiſh* heart. Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.

Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is fix.

Shy. If ev'ry ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands; you will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours. So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of *Venice:*
I ſtand for judgment; anſwer; ſhall I have it?

Duke. Upon my pow'r I may diſmiſs this Court,
Unleſs *Bellario*, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

Sal. My lord, here ſtays, without,
A meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua.*

Duke. Bring us the letters, call the meſſenger.

Baſſ. Good cheer, *Anthonio*; what, man, courage yet:
The *Jew* ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted weather of the flock,
Meeteſt for death: the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, *Baſſanio*,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Neriſſa, *dreſs'd like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

Duke. Came you from *Padua*, from *Bellario*? (16)
Ner. From both, my lord: *Bellario* greets your Grace.
Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy ſoale, but on thy ſoul, harſh *Jew*, (17)
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen; for no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd!
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,

(16) *From both: my Lord* Bellario *greets your Grace.*] Thus the two old *Folio's*, and Mr. *Pope* in his *Quarto*, had inaccurately pointed this Paſſage, by which a Doctor of Laws was at once rais'd to the Dignity of the Peerage.

(17) *Not on thy* Soale, *but on thy* Soul, *harſh* Jew.] I was obliged, from the Authority of the old *Folio's*, to reſtore this Conceit and Jingle upon two Words alike in Sound, but differing in Senſe. *Gratiano* thus rates the *Jew*; "Tho' thou "thinkeſt, that thou art whetting thy Knife on the *Soale* of "thy Shoe, yet it is upon thy *Soul*, thy immortal Part, that "thou doſt it, thou inexorable Man!" There is no room to doubt, but this was our Author's *Antithesis*; as it is ſo uſual with him to play on Words in this manner: and That from the Mouth of his moſt ſerious Characters.

Ev'n

Ev'n from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd it ſelf in thee: for thy deſires
Are wolviſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. 'Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin. I ſtand here for law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our Court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place:
Mean time, the Court ſhall hear *Bellario*'s letter.

YOUR Grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but at the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, *his name is* Balthaſar: *I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſie between the* Jew *and* Anthonio *the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſhed with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment, to let him lack a reverend eſtimation; For I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Enter Portia, *dreſs'd like a Doctor of Laws.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd *Bellario*, what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the Doctor come:
Give me your hand. Came you from old *Bellario?*

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You're welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the caſe.
Which is the merchant here? and which the *Jew*?
Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylock*, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylock*?
Shy. *Shylock* is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the *Venetian* law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, do you not? [*To* Anth.
Ant. Ay, ſo he ſays.
Por. Do you confeſs the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then muſt the *Jew* be merciful.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his Crown:
His ſcepter ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of Kings;
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings;
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. Therefore, *Jew*,
Tho' juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of juſtice none of us
Should ſee ſalvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that ſame pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this ſtrict Court of *Venice*
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por.

Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the mony?
Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the ſum; if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It muſt not be; there is no pow'r in *Venice*,
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate. It cannot be.
Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgment! yea, a *Daniel*.
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, moſt rev'rend Doctor, here it is.
Por. *Shylock*, there's thrice thy mony offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, — I have an oath in heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for *Venice*.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the *Jew* may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy mony, bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law: your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I ſtay here on my bond.
Ant. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. O wiſe and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſom.
Shy. Ay, his breaſt;
So ſays the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo. Are there ſcales, to weigh the fleſh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he ſhould bleed to death.
Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; but what of that?
'Twere good, you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, *Baſſanio*, fare you well!
Grieve not, that I am fall'n to this for you:
For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind,
Than is her cuſtom. It is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the proceſs of *Anthonio*'s end;
Say, how I lov'd you; ſpeak me fair in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a love.
Repent not you, that you ſhall loſe your friend;
And he repents not, that he pays your debt;
For if the *Jew* do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Baſſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life it ſelf;
But life it ſelf, my wife, and all the world,

Are

Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life:
I would loſe all; ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love;
I would, ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome Pow'r to change this currish *Jew*.
Ner. 'Tis well, you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.
Shy. Theſe be the chriſtian husbands. I've a daughter;
'Would, any of the ſtock of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather than a chriſtian! [*Aſide.*
We triſle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Moſt rightful judge!
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the Court awards it.
Shy. Moſt learned judge! a ſentence: come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſly are, a pound of fleſh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of chriſtian blood; thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of *Venice*, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of *Venice*.
Gra. O upright judge! mark, *Jew*; O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thy ſelf ſhall ſee the Act:
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.
Gra. O learned judge! mark, *Jew*, a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the chriſtian go.
Baſſ. Here is the mony.
Por. The *Jew* ſhall have all juſtice; ſoft! no haſte;
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O *Jew!* an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be't but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
On the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel*, *Jew!*
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the *Jew* pause? take the forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Baſſ. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court;
He shall have meerly justice, and his bond.

Gra. A *Daniel*, still say I; a second *Daniel!*
I thank thee, *Jew*, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, *Jew*.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, *Jew*.
The law hath yet another hold on you:
It is enacted in the laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect, attempts
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy Coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice:
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down,

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thy ſelf;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.
Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the diff'rence of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is *Anthonio*'s;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the ſtate; not for *Anthonio*.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that.
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, *Anthonio*?
Gra. A halter *gratis*; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.
Ant. So pleaſe my lord the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman,
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently become a chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a Gift
Here in the Court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon *Lorenzo* and his daughter.
Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, *Jew*? what doſt thou ſay?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a Deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the Deed after me,
And I will ſign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In chriſt'ning thou ſhalt have two godfathers.

Had

Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more, (18)
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[*Exit* Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly doſire your Grace of pardon;
I muſt away this night to *Padua*,
And it is meet, I preſently ſet forth.

Duke. I'm ſorry, that your leiſure ſerves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exit Duke and his train.*

Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman! I and my friend
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand ducats, due unto the *Jew*,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And ſtand indebted, over and above,
In love and ſervice to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well ſatisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am ſatisfy'd,
And therein do account myſelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.

Baſſ. Dear Sir, of force I muſt attempt you further.
Take ſome remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear 'em for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

Baſſ. This ring, good Sir, alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this,
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

(18) ——— *thou ſhould'ſt have had* ten *more*,] i. e. a Jury of *Twelve* Men, to condemn thee to be hang'd.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. There's more depends on this, than is the value,
The deareſt ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I ſee, Sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me firſt to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.

Baſſ. Good Sir, this ring was giv'n me by my wife.
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.

Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd the ring,
She wou'd not hold out enmity for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exit with* Neriſſa.

Anth. My lord *Baſſanio*, let him have the ring.
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainſt your wife's commandement.

Baſſ. Go, *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
Unto *Anthonio*'s houſe: away, make haſte. [*Exit* Gra.
Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward *Belmont*; come, *Anthonio*. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. Enquire the *Jew*'s houſe out, give him this Deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This Deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord *Baſſanio*, upon more advice,
Hath ſent you here this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him; furthermore,

I pray

I pray you, ſhew my Youth old *Shylock*'s houſe.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would ſpeak with you.
I'll ſee if I can get my husband's ring: [*To* Por.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant. We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-ſwear them too:
Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good Sir, will you ſhew me to this houſe? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Belmont. *A Grove, or green Place, before* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

LORENZO.

THE moon ſhines bright: In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troylus, methinks, mounted the *Trojan* wall;
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Creſſid* lay that night.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Did *Thisbe* fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmayed away.
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild ſea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to *Carthage*.

Jeſ.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old *Æſon.*
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did *Jeſſica* ſteal from the wealthy *Jew,*
And with an unthrift love did run from *Venice,*
As far as *Belmont.*
Jeſ. And in ſuch a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* ſwear, he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty *Jeſſica,* (like a little ſhrew)
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jeſ. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt, in ſilence of the night?
Meſ. A friend.
Lor. What friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Meſ. Stephano is my name, and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont:* ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy Croſſes, where ſhe kneels, and prays,
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Meſ. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor have we yet heard from him:
But go we in, I pray thee, *Jeſſica,*
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, ſola; wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! did you ſee maſter *Lorenzo* and miſtreſs *Lorenzo?* ſola, ſola!
Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news. My maſter will be here ere morning.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why ſhould we go in?
My friend *Stephano*, ſignifie, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
[*Exit* Stephano.
And bring your muſick forth into the air.
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, *Jeſſica*: look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlay'd with patterns of bright gold;
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal ſounds! (19)
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe us in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſick.

(19) *Such Harmony is in immortal* Souls;] But the Harmony here deſcribed is That of the Sphere, ſo much celebrated by the Antients. He ſays, the *ſmalleſt Orb ſings like an Angel*; and then ſubjoins, *Such Harmony is in immortal* Souls: But the Harmony of Angels is not here meant, but of the Orbs. Nor are we to think, that here the Poet alludes to the Notion, that each Orb has its *Intelligence* or *Angel* to direct it; for then with no Propriety could he ſay, the *Orb ſung like an Angel*: he ſhould rather have ſaid, the *Angel in the Orb ſung*. We muſt therefore correct the Line thus;

Such Harmony is in immortal Sounds:
i. e. in the Muſick of the Spheres. Mr. *Warburton.*

Jeſ.

Jeſ. I am never merry, when I hear ſweet muſick.
[*Muſick.*

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſick. Therefore, the Poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus:*
Let no ſuch man be truſted — Mark the muſick.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee, is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs;
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King,
Until a King be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick, hark! [*Muſick.*
Ner. It is the muſick, Madam, of your houſe.
Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect:
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence beſtows the virtue on it, Madam.
Por. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,

When

When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection;
Peace! how the moon ſleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awaked! [*Muſick ceaſes.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignifie their coming.
Por. Go, *Neriſſa*,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence;
Nor you, *Lorenzo*; *Jeſſica*, nor you. [*A Tucket ſounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, Madam, fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, *and their followers.*

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband;
And never be *Baſſanio* ſo from me;
But God ſort all! you're welcome home, my lord.
Baſſ. I thank you, Madam: give welcome to my friend;
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe;
It muſt appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſie.

Gra. By yonder moon, I ſwear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk. [*To* Neriſſa.
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, ſo much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring,
That ſhe did give me, whoſe poeſie was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poeſie, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it 'till your hour of death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your grave:
Tho' not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judge's clerk! but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an' if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thyſelf, the Judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.

Baſſ. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,

And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*Aſide.*

Gra. My lord *Baſſanio* gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man, nor maſter, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Baſſ. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heav'n, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
'Till I again ſee mine.

Baſſ. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.

Baſſ. Now, by mine honour, Madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a Civil Doctor,
Who did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Ev'n he, that did uphold the very life

Of

Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſie;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
And by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me, to give the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e'er come near my houſe,
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me:
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed;
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lye not a night from home; watch me, like *Argus*:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo; let me not take him then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome, notwithſtanding.

Baſſ. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong.
And in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, ev'n by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee myſelf ———

Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſelf;
In each eye, one; ſwear by your double ſelf,
And there's an oath of credit!

Baſſ. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his weal;
Which but for him, that had your husband's ring,

[*To* Portia.

Had

Had quite miſcarry'd. I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.

Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety; give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord *Baſſanio*, ſwear to keep this ring.

Baſſ. By heav'n, it is the ſame I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, *Baſſanio*;
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the Doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lye with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high-ways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?

Por. Speak not ſo groſly; you are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from *Padua*, from *Bellario*:
There you ſhall find that *Portia* was the Doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk. *Lorenzo* here,
Shall witneſs I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe. *Antbonio*, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect; unſeal this letter ſoon,
There you ſhall find, three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.

Baſſ. Sweet Doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow;
When I am abſent, then lye with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have giv'n me life and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.

Por. How now, *Lorenzo*?

My

My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and *Jeſſica*,
From the rich *Jew*, a ſpecial Deed of Gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop *Manna* in the way
Of ſtarved people.
Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I'm ſure, you are not ſatisfy'd
Of theſe events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interr'gatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be ſo: the firſt interr'gatory,
That my *Neriſſa* ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether 'till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
'Till I were couching with the Doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Neriſſa*'s ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

H. Gravelot in & del. Vol:2.P.169. G. Vdr Gucht Scul.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S lost.

A

COMEDY

Dramatis Perſonæ.

FERDINAND, *King of* Navarre.

Biron, Longaville, Dumain, } *three Lords attending upon the King in his retirement.*

Boyet, Macard, } *Lords, attending upon the Princeſs of* France.

Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantaſtical* Spaniard.

Nathaniel, *a Curate.*

Dull, *a Conſtable.*

Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*

Coſtard, *a Clown.*

Moth, *Page to Don* Adriano de Armado.

A Foreſter.

Princeſs of France.

Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, } *Ladies, attending on the Princeſs.*

Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and Princeſs.

SCENE, *the King of* Navarre's *Palace, and the Country near it.*

LOVE's LABOUR's *loſt*.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville *and* Dumain.

KING.

LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſtred upon our brazen tombs;
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death:
When, ſpight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour which ſhall 'bate his ſcythe's keen edge;
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave Conquerors! for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own Affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires;
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force.
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court ſhall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
You three, *Biron*, *Dumain*, and *Longaville*,
Have ſworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow Scholars; and to keep thoſe Statutes,

That are recorded in this ſchedule here.
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names:
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am reſolv'd; 'tis but a three years faſt:
The mind ſhall banquet tho' the body pine;
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd:
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy.

Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much (dear liege) I have already ſworn,
That is, to live and ſtudy here three years:
But there are other ſtrict obſervances;
As, not to ſee a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.

King. Your oath is paſs'd to paſs away from theſe.

Biron. Let me ſay, no, my liege, an' if you pleaſe;
I only ſwore to ſtudy with your Grace,
And ſtay here in your Court for three years' ſpace.

Long. You ſwore to that, *Biron*, and to the reſt.

Biron. By yea and nay, Sir, then I ſwore in jeſt.
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know?

King. Why, that to know, which elſe we ſhould not know.

Biron.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common ſenſe.

King. Ay, that is ſtudy's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;
As thus; to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to feaſt expreſly am forbid; (1)
Or ſtudy where to meet ſome miſtreſs fine,
When miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid:
Or, having ſworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudy's gain be this, and this be ſo,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er ſay, no.

King. Theſe be the ſtops, that hinder ſtudy quite;
And train our Intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that moſt vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To ſeek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falſly blind the eye-ſight of his look:
Light ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile;
So, ere you find where light in darkneſs lies,
Your light grows dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light, that it was blinded by.
Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſawcy looks;

(1) *When I to faſt expreſly am forbid.*] This is the Reading of all the Copies in general; but I would fain ask our accurate Editors, if *Biron* ſtudied where to get a good Dinner, at a time when he was *forbid* to *faſt*, how was this ſtudying to know what he was forbid to know? Common Senſe, and the whole Tenour of the Context require us to read, either as I have reſtor'd; or to make a Change in the laſt Word of the Verſe, which will bring us to the ſame Meaning;

When I to faſt *expreſly am* fore-bid;
i. e. when I am enjoin'd beforehand to faſt.

Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others' books.
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.

Long. He weeds the corn, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reaſon nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhime.

Long. Biron is like an envious ſneaping froſt,
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.

Biron. Well, ſay, I am; why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth? (2)

At

(2) *Why ſhould I joy in an abortive* Birth?
At Chriſtmas *I no more deſire a Roſe,*
Than wiſh a Snow in May's *new-fangled* Shows:
But like of each thing, that in Seaſon grows.] As the greateſt part of this Scene (both what proceeds and follows) is ſtrictly in Rhymes, either *ſucceſſive, alternate,* or *triple*; I am perſuaded, the Copyiſts have made a ſlip here. For by making a *Triplet* of the three laſt Lines quoted, *Birth* in the Cloſe of the firſt Line is quite deſtitute of any Rhyme to it. Beſides, what a diſpleaſing Identity of Sound recurs in the Middle and Cloſe of this Verſe?

Than wiſh a Snow *in* May's *new-fangled* Shows,

Again; *new-fangled Shows* ſeems to have very little Propriety. The Flowers are not *new-fangled*; but the Earth is *new-fangled* by the Profuſion and Variety of the Flowers, that ſpring on its Boſom in *May*. I have therefore ventur'd to ſubſtitute,

Earth

At *Chriſtmas* I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in *May*'s new fangled Earth:
But like of each thing, that in ſeaſon grows.
So you, to ſtudy now it is too late,
Climb o'er the houſe t' unlock the little gate.
King. Well, ſit you out — Go home, *Biron:* Adieu!
Biron. No, my good lord, I've ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I have for barbariſm ſpoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can ſay;
Yet confident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
And 'bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the ſame;
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame!
Biron. Item, That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court. [*reading.*
Hath this been proclaimed?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let's ſee the penalty.
On pain of loſing her tongue: —— [*reading.*
Who devis'd this penalty?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law againſt gentility! (3)
Item,

Earth, in the cloſe of the 3d Line, which reſtores the *alternate* Meaſure. It was very eaſy for a negligent Tranſcriber to be deceiv'd by the Rhyme immediately preceding; ſo miſtake the concluding Word in the ſequent Line, and corrupt it into One that would chime with the Other.

(3) *A dangerous Law againſt* Gentility.] I have ventur'd to prefix the name of *Biron* to this Line, it being evident, for two Reaſons, that it, by ſome Accident or other, ſlipt out of the printed Books. In the firſt place, *Longaville* confeſſes, he had deviſ'd the Penalty: and why he ſhould immediately arraign it as a dangerous Law, ſeems to be very inconſiſtent. In the next place, it is much more natural for *Biron* to make this Reflexion, who is cavilling at every thing; and then for him to purſue his reading over the remaining Articles. ——

Item, [*reading*.] If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the term of three Years, he ſhall endure ſuch publick ſhame as the reſt of the Court can poſſibly deviſe.

This article, my liege, yourſelf muſt break;
For, well you know, here comes in embaſſy
The *French* King's daughter with yourſelf to ſpeak,
A maid of grace and compleat majeſty,
About ſurrender up of *Aquitain*
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired Princeſs hither.

King. What ſay you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with Fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.

King. We muſt of force, diſpenſe with this decree,
She muſt lye here on mere neceſſity.

Biron. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years' ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born:
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace.
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me;
I am forſworn on meer neceſſity. ———
So to the laws at large I write my name,
And he that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others, as to me;
But I believe, although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.

As to the Word *Gentility*, here, it does not ſignify that Rank of People call'd, *Gentry*; but what the *French* expreſs by, *gentileſſes*, i. e. *elegantia, urbanitas*. And then the Meaning is this. Such a Law for baniſhing Women from the Court, is dangerous, or injurious, to *Politeneſs*, Urbanity, and the more refin'd Pleaſures of Life. For Men without Women would turn brutal, and ſavage, in their Natures and Behaviour.

But

But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is; our Court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of *Spain*,
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſick of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like inchanting harmony:
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate
In high born words the worth of many a Knight
From tawny *Spain*, loſt in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lie:
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſie.
Biron. Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire new words, faſhion's own Knight.
Long. Coſtard the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;
And, ſo to ſtudy, three years are but ſhort.

Enter Dull *and* Coſtard *with a letter.*

Dull. Which is the King's own perſon? (4)
Biron. This, fellow; what would'ſt?
Dull. I myſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his Grace's Tharborough: but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior *Arme*, —— *Arme* —— commends you. There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.
Coſt. Sir, the Contempts thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

(4) Dull. *Which is the* Duke's *own Perſon?*] The King of *Navarre* is in ſeveral Paſſages, thro' all the Copies, call'd the *Duke*: but as this muſt have ſprung rather from the Inadvertence of the Editors, than a Forgetfulneſs in the Poet, I have every where, to avoid Confuſion, reſtor'd *King* to the Text.

Biron. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having; God grant us patience! (5)

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, Sir, be it as the Stile ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the merrineſs.

Coſt. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta.*

The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Coſt. In manner and form, following, Sir; all thoſe three. I was ſeen with her in the Manor-houſe, ſitting with her upon the Form, and taken following her into the Park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner: it is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman; for the form, in ſome form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

Coſt. As it ſhall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Coſt. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

(5) *A high hope for a low* heaven;] A *low heaven*, ſure, is a very intricate Matter to conceive. But our accurate Editors ſeem to obſerve the Rule of *Horace*, whenever a moot Point ſtaggers them, *dignus vindice modus*; and where they cannot overcome a difficulty, they bring in *Heaven* to untie the Knot. As *God grant us Patience* immediately follow'd, they thought, Heaven of Conſequence muſt be coupled with it. But, I dare warrant, I have retriev'd the Poet's true Reading; and the Meaning is this: "Tho' you hope for high Words, and ſhould "have them, it will be but a low acquiſition at beſt." This our Poet calls a *low Having*: and it is a Subſtantive, which he uſes in ſeveral other Paſſages.

King.

King. [reads.] GReat *deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole dominator of* Navarre, *my soul's earth's God, and body's fostring patron* ——

Cost. Not a word of *Costard* yet.

King. *So it is* ——

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace ——

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words ——

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. *So it is, Besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk: The time, when? about the sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is call'd supper: so much for the time, when. Now for the ground, which: which, I mean, I walkt upon; it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place, where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most prepostrous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where? It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minow of thy mirth, (Cost.* Me?) *that unletter'd small-knowing soul, (Cost.* Me?) *that shallow vassal, (Cost.* Still me?) *which, as I remember, hight* Costard; *(Cost.* O me!) *sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with, with,* —— O *with,* —— *but with this I passion to say wherewith.*

Cost. With a wench.

King. *With a child of our grandmother* Eve, *a female; or for thy more understanding, a woman; him, I (as my ever-esteem'd duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer,* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

Dull.

Dull. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you: I am *Anthony Dull.*

King. *For* Jaquenetta, *(ſo is the weaker veſſel call'd) which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain, I keep her as a vaſſal of thy law's fury, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice bring her to tryal. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

King. Ay; the beſt for the worſt. But ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

Coſt. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coſt. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment to be taken with a wench.

Coſt. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damoſel.

Coſt. This was no damoſel neither, Sir, ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, Sir.

Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce ſentence; you ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don *Armado* ſhall be your keeper. My lord *Biron*, ſee him deliver'd o'er.

And go we, lords, to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn. [*Exeunt.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Coſt. I ſuffer for the truth, Sir; for true it is, I was taken

taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girl; and therefore welcome the ſour cup of proſperity: affliction may one day ſmile again, and until then, ſit thee down, ſorrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Armado's *Houſe.*

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

Arm. BOY, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great ſign, Sir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How can'ſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender *Juvenile?*

Moth. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why, tough Signior? why, tough Signior?

Moth. Why, tender *Juvenile?* why, tender *Juvenile?*

Arm. I ſpoke it, tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Moth. Little! pretty, becauſe little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

Arm. In thy condign praiſe.

Moth. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do ſay, thou art quick in anſwers. Thou heat'ſt my blood, ——

Moth.

three ages ſince, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind *Coſtard*; ſhe deſerves well———

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my maſter.

Arm. Sing, boy; my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I ſay, ſing.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company is paſt.

Enter Coſtard, Dull, Jaquenetta *a Maid.*

Dull. Sir, the King's pleaſure is, that you keep *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance; but he muſt faſt three days a week. For this damſel, I muſt keep her at the park, ſhe is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray my ſelf with bluſhing: maid,——

Jaq. Man, ———

Arm. I will viſit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know, where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord, how wiſe you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

Arm. And ſo farewel.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, *Jaquenetta*, away. (6)

[*Exeunt* Dull *and* Jaquenetta.

Arm.

(6) Maid. *Fair Weather after you. Come*, Jaquenetta, *away.*] Thus all the printed Copies; but the Editors have been guilty of much Inadvertence. They make *Jaquenetta*, and a *Maid* enter:

Arm. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offence, ere thou be pardoned.

Coſt. Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

Arm. Thou ſhall be heavily puniſh'd.

Coſt. I am more bound to you, than your followers; for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain, ſhut him up.

Moth. Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave, away.

Coſt. Let me not be pent up, Sir; I will faſt, being looſe.

Moth. No, Sir, that were faſt and looſe; thou ſhalt to priſon.

Coſt. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee———

Moth. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Coſt. Nay, nothing, maſter *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing; I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* Moth *and* Coſtard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhoe (which is baſer) guided by her foot (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, which is a great argument of falſhood, if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falſly attempted? love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength; yet was *Solomon* ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid*'s but-ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules*'s club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard*'s rapier; the firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my

enter: whereas *Jaquenetta* is the only Maid intended by the Poet, and who is committed to the Cuſtody of *Dull*, to be convey'd by him to the Lodge in the Park. This being the Caſe, it is evident to Demonſtration, that———*Fair Weather after you*———muſt be ſpoken by *Jaquenetta*; and then that *Dull* ſays to her, *Come*, Jaquenetta, *away*, as I have regulated the Text.

turn;

turn; the *Paſſado* he reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour! ruſt, rapier! be ſtill, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me, ſome extemporal God of rhime, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonnet. Deviſe wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *before the King of* Navarre's *Palace.*

Enter the Princeſs of France, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, *Lords and other attendants.*

BOYET.

NOW, Madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits;
Conſider, whom the King your father ſends;
To whom he ſends, and what's his embaſſy.
Your ſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem,
To parley with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs *Navarre*; the plea, of no leſs weight
Than *Aquitain*, a dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord *Boyet*, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmens' tongues.
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending thus your wit in praiſe of mine.
But now, to task the tasker; good *Boyet*,

You

You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, *Navarre* hath made a vow,
'Till painful ſtudy ſhall out wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent Court;
Therefore to us ſeems it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs, we ſingle you
As our beſt-moving fair ſollicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of *France*,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick diſpatch,
Importunes perſonal conference with his Grace.
Haſte, ſignifie ſo much, while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo;
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow fellows with this virtuous King?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, Madam, at a marriage-feaſt,
Between lord *Perigort* and the beauteous heir
Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* ſolemnized.
In *Normandy* ſaw I this *Longaville*,
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil,)
Is a ſharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould ſpare none, that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.

Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well-accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;

For

For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanſon*'s once,
And much too little of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſs.

Roſa. Another of theſe ſtudents at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object, that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Prin. God bleſs my ladies, are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe!

Mar. Here comes *Boyet.*

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all addreſt to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came: marry, thus much I've learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to beſiege his Court,
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.
Here comes *Navarre.*

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair Princeſs, welcome to the Court of *Navarre.*

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have

have not yet: the roof of this Court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields, too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, Madam, to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady, I have ſworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forſworn.

King. Not, for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, Will ſhall break its will, and nothing elſe.

King. Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear, your Grace hath ſworn out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my Lord;
And ſin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too ſudden bold:
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my Coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit.

King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.

Prin. You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Roſ. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Roſ. How needleſs was it then to ask the queſtion?

Biron. You muſt not be ſo quick.

Roſ. 'Tis long of you, that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.

Roſ. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Roſ. The hour, that fools ſhould ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Roſ. Fair falls the face it covers!

Biron. And ſend you many lovers!

Roſ. Amen, ſo you be none!

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King,

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but th' one half of an intire ſum,
Diſburſed by my father in his wars.
But ſay, that he, or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more; in ſurety of the which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the mony's worth:
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair friendſhip with his Majeſty:
But that, it ſeems, he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand crowns; and not demands, (7)
On payment of an hundred thouſand crowns
To have his title live in *Aquitain*;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the mony by our father lent,
Than *Aquitain* ſo gelded as it is.
Dear Princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make

(7) ——————— *And not demands*
One *payment of an hundred thouſand Crowns,*
To have his Title live in Aquitaine.]

The old Books concur in this Reading, and Mr. *Pope* has embraced it; tho', as I conceive, it is ſtark Nonſenſe, and repugnant to the Circumſtance ſuppos'd by our Poet. I have, by reforming the Pointing, and throwing out a ſingle Letter, reſtor'd, I believe, the genuine Senſe of the Paſſage. *Aquitain* was pledg'd, it ſeems, to *Navarre*'s father, for 200000 Crowns. The *French* King pretends to have paid one Moiety of this Debt, (which *Navarre* knows nothing of,) but demands this Moiety back again: inſtead whereof (ſays *Navarre*) he ſhould rather pay the remaining Moiety, and *demand* to have *Aquitain* redeliver'd up to him. This is plain and eaſy Reaſoning upon the Fact ſuppos'd; and *Navarre* declares, he had rather receive the Reſidue of his Debt, than detain the Province mortgag'd for Security of it.

A yielding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breaſt;
And go well ſatisfied to *France* again.
Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that, which hath ſo faithfully been paid.
King. I do proteſt, I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain.*
Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of *Charles* his father.
King. Satisfie me ſo.
Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound:
To morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.
King. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reaſon I will yield unto:
Mean time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſs.
You may not come, fair Princeſs, in my gates;
But here, without, you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem yourſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Tho' ſo deny'd fair harbour in my houſe:
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel;
To morrow we ſhall viſit you again.
Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your Grace!
King. Thy own Wiſh wiſh I thee, in every place! [*Exit.*
Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.
Roſ. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to ſee it.
Biron. I would, you heard it groan.
Roſ. Is the fool ſick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Roſ. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?

Roſ.

Roſ. My phyſick ſays, ay.
Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?
Roſ. No, point, with my knife.
Biron. Now God ſave thy life!
Roſ. And yours from long living!
Biron. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*Exit.*
Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what lady is that ſame?
Boyet. The heir of *Alanſon, Roſaline* her name.
Dum. A gallant lady; Monſieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*
Long. I beſeech you, a word: what is ſhe in white?
Boyet. A woman ſometimes, if you ſaw her in the light.
Long. Perchance, light in the light; I deſire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for her ſelf; to deſire That, were a ſhame.
Long. Pray you, Sir, whoſe daughter?
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's bleſſing on your beard!
Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended,
She is an heir of *Faulconbridge.*
Long. Nay, my choler is ended:
She is a moſt ſweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, Sir; that may be. [*Exit* Long.
Biron. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Catharine, by good hap.
Biron. Is ſhe wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will, Sir, or ſo.
Biron. You are welcome, Sir: adieu!
Boyet. Farewel to me, Sir, and welcome to you. [*Exit* Biron.
Mar. That laſt is *Biron,* the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jeſt.
Boyet. And every jeſt but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot ſheeps, marry.

Boyet.

Boyet. And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep (ſweet lamb) unleſs we feed on your lips.
Mar. You ſheep, and I paſture; ſhall that finiſh the jeſt?
Boyet. So you grant paſture for me.
Mar. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On *Navarre* and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.
Boyet. If my obſervation, (which very ſeldom lies)
By the heart's ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reaſon?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the Court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart, like an agat with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed:
His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be:
All ſenſes to that ſenſe did make their repair,
To feel only looking on faireſt of fair;
Methought, all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in cryſtal for ſome Prince to buy;
Who tendring their own worth, from whence they were glaſst,
Did point out to buy them, along as you paſt.
His face's own margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes:
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
An you give him for my ſake but one loving kiſs.
Prin. Come, to our pavilion: *Boyet* is diſpos'd —
Boyet. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eye hath diſclos'd;

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Roſ. Thou art an old love-monger, and ſpeakeſt skilfully.

Mar. He is *Cupid*'s grandfather, and learns news of him.

Roſ. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you ſee?

Roſ. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. (8) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Park; near the Palace.*

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

Arm. WArble, child; make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel ——— [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet Air! go, tenderneſs of years; take this key, give inlargement to the ſwain; bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Maſter, will you win your love with a *French* brawl?

Arm. How mean'ſt thou, brawling in *French?*

(8) Boyet. *You are too hard for me.*] Here, in all the Books, the 2d Act is made to end: but in my Opinion very miſtakenly. I have ventur'd to vary the Regulation of the four laſt Acts from the printed Copies, for theſe Reaſons. Hitherto, the 2d Act has been of the extent of 7 Pages: the 3d but of 5; and the 5th of no leſs than 29. And this Diſproportion of Length has crouded too many Incidents into ſome Acts, and left the others quite barren. I have now reduced them into a much better Equality; and diſtributed the Buſineſs likewiſe, (ſuch as it is,) into a more uniform Caſt.

Moth.

Moth. No, my compleat master (9) but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note and sing a note; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love; sometimes through the nose, as if you snuft up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crost on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbet on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches that would be betray'd without these, and make the men of note (10): do you note men, that are most affected to these?

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my pen of observation.

Arm. But O, but O ——

Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot. (11)

Arm.

(9) Moth. *No, my compleat Master, &c.*] This whole Speech has been so terribly confused in the Pointing, through all the Editions hitherto, that not the least glimmering of Sense was to be pick'd out of it. As I have regulated the Passage, I think, *Moth* delivers both good *Sense* and good *Humour*.

(10) —— *these betray* nice Wenches, *that would be betray'd without these, and make* them *Men of Note.*] Thus, all the Editors, with a Sagacity worthy of Wonder. But who will ever believe, that the odd Attitudes and Affectations of *Lovers*, by which they betray young *Wenches*, should have power to make these young Wenches *Men of Note?* This is a Transformation, which, I dare say, the Poet never thought of. His Meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young *Girls*, but make the *Men* taken notice of too, who affect them.

(11) Arm. *But O, but O* ——

Moth. *The* Hobby-horse *is forgot.*] The Humour of this Reply of *Moth*'s to *Armado*, who is sighing in Love, cannot be taken without a little Explanation: nor why there should be any room for making such a Reply. In the Rites formerly observ'd for the Celebration of *May*-day, besides those now

Arm. Call'ſt thou my love hobby-horſe?

Moth. No, maſter; the hobby-horſe is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almoſt I had.

Moth. Negligent ſtudent, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: And this *by*, *in*, and *out of*, upon the inſtant: *by* heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her, *in* heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

Moth. And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain, he muſt carry me a letter.

Moth. A meſſage well ſympathiz'd; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs.

Arm. Ha, ha; what ſay'ſt thou?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe; for he is very ſlow-gated: but I go.

---

us'd of hanging a Pole with Garlands, and dancing round it, a Boy was dreſt up repreſenting Maid *Marian*; another, like a *Frier*; and another rode on a *Hobby-horſe*, with Bells jingling, and painted Streamers. After the *Reformation* took place, and *Preciſians* multiplied, theſe latter Rites were look'd upon to favour of *Paganiſm*; and then Maid *Marian*, the *Frier*, and the poor *Hobby-horſe* were turn'd out of the Games. Some, who were not ſo *wiſely* preciſe, but regretted the Diſuſe of the *Hobby-horſe*, no doubt, ſatiriz'd this Suſpicion of Idolatry, and archly wrote the *Epitaph* above alluded to. Now *Moth*, hearing *Armado* groan ridiculouſly, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!* —— humourouſly pieces out his Exclamation with the Sequel of this Epitaph: which is putting his Maſter's *Love-Paſſion*, and the Loſs of the *Hobby-horſe*, on a Footing.

Arm.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and ſlow?

Moth. Minimè, honeſt maſter; or rather, maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, Sir, to ſay ſo.
Is that lead ſlow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoak of rhetorick!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of grace;
By thy favour, ſweet welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth *and* Coſtard.

Moth. A wonder, maſter, here's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle; come, thy *l'envoy* begin.

Coſt. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no ſalve in the male, Sir. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, or ſalve, Sir, but plantan.

Arm. By vertue, thou enforceſt laughter; thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me, my ſtars! doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a ſalve?

Moth. Doth the wiſe think them other? is not *l'envoy* a ſalve;

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.

There's the moral, now the *I'envoy.*

Moth. I will add the *I'envoy*; ſay the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the gooſe came out of door,
And ſtay'd the odds by adding four.
A good *I'envoy*, ending in the gooſe; would you deſire more?

Coſt. The boy hath ſold him a bargain; a gooſe, that's flat;
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an' your gooſe be fat.
To ſell a bargain well is as cunning as faſt and looſe.
Let me ſee a fat *I'envoy*; I, that's a fat gooſe.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;
How did this argument begin?

Moth. By ſaying, that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for a *I'envoy.*

Coſt. True, and I for a plantan;
Thus came the argument in;
Then the boy's fat *I'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?

Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Coſt. Thou haſt no feeling of it, *Moth*,
I will ſpeak that *I'envoy.*

Coſtard running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Coſt. 'Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah, *Coſtard*, I will infranchiſe thee.

Coſt. O, marry me to one *Francis*, I ſmell ſome *I'envoy*, ſome gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty; enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Coſt. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance, and, in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this; bear

bear this ſignificant to the country-maid *Jaquenetta*; there is remuneration; for the beſt ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow. ——

[*Exit.*

Moth. Like the ſequel, I. Signior *Coſtard*, adieu.

[*Exit.*

Coſt. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh, my in-cony *Jew!* Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the *Latin* word for three farthings: three farthings remuneration: What's the price of this incle? a penny. No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it. Remuneration! — why, it is a fairer name than a *French* crown (12). I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O my good knave *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Coſt. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then three farthings worth of ſilk.

Coſt. I thank your worſhip, God be with you.

Biron. O ſtay, ſlave, I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreat.

Coſt. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Coſt. Well, I will do it, Sir: fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Coſt. I ſhall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

(12) *No, I'll give you a Remuneration: Why? it carries its Remuneration. Why? it is a fairer Name than a* French *Crown.*] Thus this Paſſage has hitherto been writ and pointed, without any Regard to Common Senſe, or Meaning. The Reform that I have made, ſlight as it is, makes it both intelligible and humourous.

Coſt. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Biron. It muſt be done this afternoon.
Hark, ſlave, it is but this:
The Princeſs comes to hunt here in the park:
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her; ask for her,
And to her ſweet hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd-up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Coſt. Guerdon,——O ſweet guerdon! better than remuneration, eleven pence farthing better: moſt ſweet guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remuneration. ——— [*Exit.*

Biron. O! and I, forſooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humourous ſigh:
A critick; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This Signior *Junio*'s giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*, (13)
Regent

(13) *This* Signior Junio's *giant-dwarf, Dan* Cupid.] It was ſome time ago ingeniouſly hinted to me, (and I readily came into the Opinion;) that as there was a Contraſt of Terms in *giant-dwarf*, ſo, probably, there ſhould be in the Words immediately preceding them; and therefore that we ſhould reſtore,

This Senior-junior, *giant-dwarf, Dan* Cupid.

i. e. this old, young Man. And there is, indeed, afterwards in this Play, a Deſcription of *Cupid*, which ſorts very aptly with ſuch an Emendation.

That was the way to make his Godhead wax,
For he hath been five thouſand *years a* Boy.

The Conjecture is exquiſitely well imagin'd, and ought by all means to be embrac'd, unleſs there is reaſon to think, that, in the former Reading, there is an Alluſion to ſome Tale, or Character in an old Play. I have not, on this Account, ventur'd to diſturb the Text, becauſe there ſeems to me ſome reaſon

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed Sovereign of ſighs and groans:
Liege of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of plackets, King of codpieces:
Sole Imperator, and great General
Of trotting parators: (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his File, (14)
And wear his colours! like a tumbler, ſtoop!
What? I love! I ſue! I ſeek a wife!
A Woman, that is like a *German* clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all:
And, among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
Tho' *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard;

ſon to ſuſpect, that our Author is here alluding to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Bonduca*. In that Tragedy there is the Character of one *Junius*, a *Roman* Captain, who falls in Love to Diſtraction with one of *Bonduca*'s Daughters; and becomes an arrant whining Slave to this Paſſion. He is afterwards cur'd of his Infirmity, and is as abſolute a Tyrant againſt the Sex. Now, with regard to theſe two Extremes, *Cupid* might very properly be ſtiled *Junius*'s giant-dwarf: A *Giant* in his Eye, while the Dotage was upon him; but ſhrunk into a *Dwarf*, ſo ſoon as he had got the better of it.

(14) *And I to be a Corporal of his* Field,
And wear his Colours like a Tumbler's hoop!]

A *Corporal* of a *Field* is a quite new Term: neither did the *Tumblers* ever adorn their hoops with Ribbands, that I can learn: for Thoſe were not carried in Parade about with them, as the Fencer carries his Sword: Nor, if they were, is the Similitude at all pertinent to the Caſe in hand. But to *ſtoop like a Tumbler* agrees not only with that Profeſſion, and the ſervile Condeſcenſions of a Lover, but with what follows in the Context. What miſled the wiſe Tranſcribers at firſt, ſeems This: When once the *Tumbler* appear'd, they thought, his *Hoop* muſt not be far behind. Mr. *Warburton.*

And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go to: — It is a plague,
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty, dreadful, little, Might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue and groan:
Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome *Joan*. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.*

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, *Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.*

PRINCESS.

WAS that the King, that ſpurr'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to day we ſhall have our diſpatch;
On *Saturday* we will return to *France*.
Then Foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, that ſhoot:
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoot.

For. Pardon me, madam: for I meant not ſo.

Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, then again ſay, no?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for wo!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.

Here,

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
Fer. Nothing but fair is that, which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresie in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot,
Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my Skill;
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self sovereignty
Only for praise-sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady, that subdues her lord.

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Cost. God dig-you-den all; pray you which is the head lady?
Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
Prin. The thickest and the tallest.
Cost. The thickest and the tallest? it is so, truth is truth.
An' your waste, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.
Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Cost.

Coſt. I have a letter from Monſieur *Biron*, to one lady *Roſaline.*

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aſide, good bearer. —*Boyet*, you can carve; (15)
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to ſerve.
This letter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to *Jaquenetta.*

Prin. We will read it, I ſwear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet *reads.*

BY heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itſelf, that thou art lovely; more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itſelf; have commiſeration on thy heroical vaſſal. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly ſay, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O baſe and obſcure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, ſaw, and overcame; he came, one; ſaw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the King? Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What ſaw he? the beggar. Who overcame he? the beggar. The concluſion is victory; on whoſe ſide? the King's; the captive is inrich'd: on whoſe ſide? the beggar's. The cataſtrophe is a nuptial: on whoſe ſide? the

(15) Boyet, *you can carve:*
Break up this Capon.] i. e. open this Letter.
Our Poet uſes this Metaphor, as the *French* do their *Poulet*; which ſignifies both a young Fowl, and a love-letter. *Poulet, amatoria Litteræ*; ſays *Richelet*: and quotes from *Voiture, Répondre au plus obligeant* Poulet *du Monde*; To reply to the moſt obliging *Letter* in the World. The *Italians* uſe the ſame manner of Expreſſion, when they call a Love-Epiſtle, *una Polliceta amoroſa*. I ow'd the Hint of this equivocal uſe of the Word to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Biſhop*.

King's?

King's? no, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the beggar, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles: for thy ſelf? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus doſt thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtrive (poor ſoul) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtile.

Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.

Boyet. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in Court,
A phantaſme, a monarcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Coſt. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom ſhould'ſt thou give it?

Coſt. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Coſt. From my lord *Berown*, a good maſter of mine,
To a lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.

Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

Here,

Here, ſweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.
[*Exit* Princeſs *attended.*

Boyet. Who is the ſhooter? who is the ſhooter?

Roſ. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Roſ. Why, ſhe that bears the bow. Finely put off.

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns: but if thou marry, Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry. Finely put on. ———

Roſ. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boyet. And who is your Deer?

Roſ. If we chaſe by horns, your ſelf; come not near. Finely put on, indeed. ———

Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet. But ſhe her ſelf is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Roſ. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen *Guinover* of *Britain* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſ. *Thou can'ſt not hit it, hit it, hit it.* [Singing.
Thou can'ſt not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An' I cannot, cannot, cannot;*
An' I cannot, another can. [*Exit* Roſ.

Coſt. By my troth, moſt pleaſant; how both did fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark? O, mark but that mark! a mark, ſays my lady;
Let the mark have a prick in't; to meet at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' th' bow-hand; i'faith, your hand is out.

Coſt. Indeed, a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An' if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand is in.

Coſt.

Coſt. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greaſily; your lips grow foul.

Coſt. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; good night my good owl. [*Exeunt all but* Coſtard.

Coſt. By my ſoul, a ſwain; a moſt ſimple clown! Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down! O' my troth, moſt ſweet jeſts, moſt incony vulgar wit, When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely; as it were, ſo fit.

Armado o' th' one ſide,—O, a moſt dainty man; To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan. To ſee him kiſs his hand, and how moſt ſweetly he will ſwear:

And his Page o' t'other ſide, that handful of Wit; Ah, heav'ns! it is a moſt pathetical Nit.

[*Exit* Coſtard.

[*Shouting within.*

Enter Dull, Holofernes, *and Sir* Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverend ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good Conſcience.

Hol. The deer was (as you know) *ſanguis*, in blood; ripe as a pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *Cœlo*, the ſky, the welkin, the heav'n; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, maſter *Holofernes*, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholar at the leaſt: but, Sir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation; yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or, rather, *oſtentare*, to ſhow, as it were his inclination; after his undreſſed unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlet-

unlettered, or rathereſt unconfirmed faſhion, to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I ſaid, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus*: O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not repleniſhed. He is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts; (16) and ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be for thoſe parts, (which we taſte and feel, *ingradare*) that do fructify in us, more than He.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool;
So were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool.
But *omne bene*, ſay I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cain*'s birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good-man *Dull*; *Dictynna*, good-man *Dull*.

(16) ——*And ſuch barren Plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be; which we taſte, and feeling are for thoſe Parts that do fructify in us more than he.*] If this be not a ſtubborn Piece of Nonſenſe, I'll never venture to judge of common Senſe. That Editors ſhould take ſuch Paſſages upon Content, is, ſurely, ſurpriſing. The Words, 'tis plain, have been ridiculouſly, and ſtupidly, tranſpos'd and corrupted. The Emendation I have offer'd, I hope, reſtores the Author; At leaſt, I am ſure, it gives him Senſe and Grammar; and anſwers extremely well to his Metaphors taken from *planting*——*Ingradare*, with the *Italians*, ſignifies, to riſe higher and higher; *andare di grado in grado*, to make a Progreſſion; and ſo at length come to *fructify*, as the Poet expreſſes it.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Dull.

Dull. What is *Dictynna?*

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon.*

Hol. The moon was a month old, when *Adam* was no more:

And rought not to five weeks, when he came to five-ſcore.

Th' alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the colluſion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I ſay, the alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I ſay, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I ſay beſide, that 'twas a pricket that the Princeſs kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good maſter *Holofernes*, *perge*; ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrility.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiſeful Princeſs pierc'd and prickt
A pretty pleaſing pricket;
Some ſay, a ſore; but not a ſore,
'Till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The dogs did yell; put L to ſore,
Then ſorel jumpt from thicket;
Or pricket ſore, or elſe ſorel,
The people fall a hooting.
If ſore be ſore, then L to ſore
Makes fifty ſores, O ſorel!
Of one ſore I an hundred make,
By adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects,

objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion; but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta, *and* Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, *quasi* Person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master school-master, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead, a good Lustre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by *Costard*, and sent me from Don *Armatho*; I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Fauste, *precor, gelidâ* 17) *quando pecus omne*
sub umbrâ
Ruminat, and so forth. Ah, good old *Mantuan*, I may

(17) Nath. Fauste, *precor, gelidâ*] Tho' all the Editions concur to give this Speech to Sir *Nathaniel*, yet, as Dr. *Thirlby* ingeniously observ'd to me, it is evident, it must belong to *Holofernes*. The Curate is employ'd in reading the Letter to himself; and while he is doing so, that the Stage may not stand still, *Holofernes* either pulls out a Book; or, repeating some Verses by heart from *Mantuanus*, comments upon the Character of that Poet. *Baptista Spagnolus*, (firnamed *Mantuanus*, from the Place of his Birth;) was a voluminous Writer of Poems, who flourish'd towards the latter End of the 15th Century.

speak

ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*; *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia* (18). Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan!* Who underſtandeth thee not, loves thee not: — *ut re ſol la mi fa.* Under pardon, Sir, what are the contents? or rather, as *Horace* ſays in his: What! my ſoul! verſes? (19.

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, a verſe; *Lege, Domine.*

Nath. If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
Though to my ſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oſiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that ſoul, that ſees thee without wonder:
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Jove*'s lightning bears, thy voice is dreadful thunder;
Which, not to anger bent, is muſick, and ſweet fire.

(18) *Venechi, venaebe a, qui non te vide, i non te piateh.*] Thus Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Pope*, from the old blundering Editions. But that theſe Gentlemen, Poets, Scholars, and Linguiſts, could not afford to reſtore this little Scrap of true *Italian*, is to me unaccountable. Our Author is applying the Praiſes of *Mantuanus* to a common proverbial Sentence, ſaid of *Venice*, Vinegia, Vinegia! *qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O *Venice*, *Venice*, he, who has never ſeen thee, has thee not in Eſteem.

(19) *What! my Soul! Verſes?*] As our Poet has mention'd *Horace*, I preſume, he is here alluding to this Paſſage in his I. *Sermon.* 9. *Quid agis, dulciſſime rerum?*

Celeſtial

Celeſtial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſings heav'n's praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Hol. You find not the *Apoſtrophes*, and ſo miſs the accent. Let me ſupervise the canzonet (20). Here are only numbers ratify'd (21); but for the elegancy, faci-

(20) *Let me ſupervise the* Cangenet.] If the Editors have met with any ſuch Word, it is more than I have done, or, I believe, ever ſhall do. Our Author wrote *Canzonet*, from the *Italian* Word *Canzonetto*, a little Song.

(21) Nath. *Here are only Numbers ratified*;] Tho' this Speech has been all along plac'd to Sir *Nathaniel*, I have ventur'd to join it to the preceding Words of *Holofernes*; and not without Reaſon. The Speaker here is impeaching the Verſes; but Sir *Nathaniel*, as it appears above, thought them learned ones: beſides, as Dr. *Thirlby* obſerves, almoſt every Word of this Speech fathers itſelf on the Pedant: So much for the Regulation of it: now, a little, to the Contents.

And why indeed Naſo, *but for ſmelling out the odoriferous Flowers of Fancy? the jerks of Invention* imitary *is nothing.*

Sagacity with a Vengeance! I ſhould be aſham'd to own my ſelf a piece of a Scholar, to pretend to the Task of an Editor, and to paſs ſuch Stuff as this upon the World for genuine. Who ever heard of *Invention imitary?* Invention and Imitation have ever been accounted two diſtinct Things. The Speech is by a Pedant, who frequently throws in a Word of *Latin* amongſt his *Engliſh*; and he is here flouriſhing upon the Merit of Invention, beyond That of Imitation, or copying after another. My Correction makes the Whole ſo plain and intelligible, that, I think, it carries Conviction along with it. Again:

So doth the Hound his Maſter, the Ape his Keeper, the tired *Horſe his Rider.*

The Pedant here, to run down Imitation, ſhews that it is a Quality within the Capacity of Beaſts: that the Dog and the Ape are taught to copy Tricks by their Maſter and Keeper; and ſo is the *tir'd* Horſe by his Rider. This laſt is a wonderful Inſtance; but it happens not to be true. Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly ſaw, that the Author muſt have wrote ——— *the* tryed *Horſe his Rider.*

i. e. One, *exercis'd*, and broke to the *Manage*: for he obeys every Sign, and Motion of the Rein, or of his Rider.

lity,

lity, and golden cadence of poeſie, *caret: Ovidius Naſo* was the man. And why, indeed, *Naſo*; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? *imitari*, is nothing: ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the try'd horſe his rider: But *Damoſella Virgin*, was this directly to you?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monſieur *Biron*, to one of the ſtrange Queen's Ladies.

Hol. I will overglance the ſuperſcript. *To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous lady* Roſaline. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the perſon written unto.

Your Ladyſhip's in all deſir'd employment, Biron.

This *Biron* is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarry'd. Trip and go, my ſweet; deliver this paper into the hand of the King; it may concern much: ſtay not thy complement; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good *Coſtard*, go with me. Sir, God ſave your life.

Coſt. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exe.* Coſt. *and* Jaq.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly: and as a certain father ſaith ——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verſes; did they pleaſe you, Sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforeſaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where will I prove thoſe verſes to be very unlearned, neither ſavouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beſeech your ſociety.

Nath. And thank you too: for ſociety (ſaith the text) is the happineſs of life.

Hol.

Hol. And, certes, the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; [*To* Dull.] you ſhall not ſay me, nay: *Pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Biron, *with a paper in his hand, alone.*

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am courſing myſelf. They have pitcht a toil, I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word: well, ſet thee down, ſorrow: for ſo they ſay the fool ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit. By the Lord, this love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills ſheep, it kills me, I a ſheep. Well prov'd again on my ſide. I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhime, and here my melancholy. Well, ſhe hath one o' my ſonnets already; the clown bore it; the fool ſent it, and the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady! by the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*he ſtands aſide.*

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. Shot, by heav'n! proceed, ſweet *Cupid*; thou haſt thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, ſecrets.——

King. [*reads.*] So ſweet a kiſs the golden ſun gives not
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the roſe,
As thy eye-beams, when their freſh rays have ſmote
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright,
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep;

No

No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will ſhew;
But do not love thy ſelf, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.
O Queen of Queens, how far doſt thou excel!
No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell.——

How ſhall ſhe know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, ſhade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*The King ſteps aſide.*

Enter Longaville.

What? *Longaville!* and reading! liſten, ear.
Biron. Now in thy likeneſs one more fool appears.
Long. Ay me! I am forſworn.
Biron. Why, he comes in like a Perjure, wearing papers.
King. In love, I hope; ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.
Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.
Long. Am I the firſt, that have been perjur'd ſo?
Biron. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know;
Thou mak'ſt the triumviry, the three-corner-cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of love's *Tyburn*, that hangs up ſimplicity.
Long. I fear, theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to move:
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſs of my love,
Theſe numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.
Biron. O, rhimes are guards on wanton *Cupid*'s hoſe:
Diſfigure not his ſlop. (22)

Long.

(22) *Oh, Rhymes are Guards on wanton* Cupid's *Hoſe; Diſfigure not his* Shop.] All the Editions happen to concur in this Error; but what Agreement in Senſe is there betwixt *Cupid*'s *Hoſe* and his *Shop?* Or, what Relation can thoſe two Terms have to one another? Or, what, indeed, can be underſtood

Long. The ſame ſhall go. [*he reads the ſonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument)
Perſwade my heart to this falſe perjury,
Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment:
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee.
My vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly love:
Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour-vow; in thee it is;
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe
To loſe an oath to win a Paradiſe?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes fleſh a deity;
A green gooſe a goddeſs: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o' th' way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom ſhall I ſend this? —— company? ſtay. ——

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant play;
Like a demy-god, here ſit I in the ſky,
And wretched fools' ſecrets headfully o'er-eye:
More ſacks to the mill! O heav'ns, I have my wiſh;
Dumain transform'd? four woodcocks in a diſh?

Dum. O moſt divine *Kate!*

Biron. O moſt prophane coxcomb! [*aſide.*

ſtood by *Cupid's Shop?* It muſt undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reform'd the Text. *Slops* are large and wide-kneed Breeches, the Garb in faſhion in our Author's Days, as we may obſerve from old Family Pictures; but they are now worn only by Boors and Sea-faring Men; and we have Dealers whoſe ſole Buſineſs it is to furniſh the Sailors with Shirts, Jackets, &c. who are call'd, *Slop-men*; and their Shops, *Slop-ſhops.*

Dum.

Dum. By heav'n, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. By earth, ſhe is but corporal; there you lie. (23) [*aſide.*
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted. [*aſide.*
Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*aſide.*
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I ſay;
Her ſhoulder is with child. [*aſide.*
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. Ay, as ſome days; but then no ſun muſt ſhine. [*aſide.*
Dum. O that I had my wiſh!
Long. And I had mine! [*aſide.*
King. And mine too, good Lord! [*aſide.*
Biron. Amen, ſo I had mine! Is not that a good word? [*aſide.*
Dum. I would forget her, but a fever ſhe
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.
Biron. A fever in your blood! why then, inciſion
Would let her out in ſawcers, ſweet miſpriſion. [*aſide.*
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode, that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I'll mark, how love can vary wit. [*aſide.*

Dumain *reads his ſonnet.*

On a day, (alack, the day!)
Love, whoſe month is ever May,

(23) *By Earth, ſhe is* not, corporal, *there you lie.*] *Dumaine*, one of the Lovers in ſpite of his Vow to the contrary, thinking himſelf alone here, breaks out into ſhort Soliloquies of Admiration on his Miſtreſs; and *Biron*, who ſtands behind as an Eves-dropper, takes Pleaſure in contradicting his amorous Raptures. But *Dumaine* was a young Lord: He had no Sort of Poſt in the Army: What Wit, or Alluſion, then, can there be in *Biron*'s calling him *Corporal?* I dare warrant, I have reſtor'd the Poet's true Meaning, which is this. *Dumaine* calls his Miſtreſs divine, and the wonder of a mortal Eye; and *Biron* in flat Terms denies theſe hyperbolical Praiſes. I ſcarce need hint, that our Poet commonly uſes *corporal*, as *corporeal*.

Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, (quoth he) *thy cheeks may blow;*
Air, would I might triumph ſo!
But, alack, my hand is ſworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou, for whom ev'n Jove *would ſwear,*
Juno *but an Ethiope were;*
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plain,
That ſhall expreſs my true love's faſting pain;
O, would the *King*, *Biron* and *Longaville*,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example Ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike do dote.
Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief deſir'ſt ſociety: [*coming forward.*
You may look pale; but I ſhould bluſh, I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping ſo.
King. Come, Sir, you bluſh; as his, your caſe is ſuch; [*coming forward.*
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love *Maria? Longaville*
Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom, to keep down his heart:
I have been cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty rhimes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion.

Ay me! says one; O *Jove!* the other cries;
Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.
You would for Paradise break faith and troth;
And *Jove*, for your love, would infringe an oath.
What will *Biron* say, when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.
[*coming forward.*
Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches in your tears,
There is no certain Princess that appears?
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush; none but minstrels like of sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
You found his mote, the King your mote did see:
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen?
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Knot!
To see great *Hercules* whipping a gigg,
And profound *Solomon* tuning a jigg,
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boys,
And Critick *Timon* laugh at idle toys!
Where lyes thy grief? O tell me, good *Dumain*;
And gentle *Longaville*, where lyes thy pain?
And where my Liege's? all about the breast?
A candle, hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in.

I am betray'd by keeping company
With men, like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhime?
Or groan for *Joan?* or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me? when ſhall you hear, that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waſte,
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, whither away ſo faſt?
A true man or a thief, that gallops ſo?

Biron. I poſt from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Coſtard.

Jaq. God bleſs the King!

King. What Preſent haſt thou there?

Coſt. Some certain Treaſon.

King. What makes treaſon here?

Coſt. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beſeech your Grace, let this letter be read,
Our Parſon miſdoubts it: it was treaſon, he ſaid.

King. Biron, read it over. [*He reads the letter.*
Where hadſt thou it?

Jaq. Of *Coſtard.*

King. Where hadſt thou it?

Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*

King. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is *Biron*'s writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreſon loggerhead, you were born to do me ſhame. [*To* Coſtard.
Guilty, my lord, guilty: I confeſs, I confeſs.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the meſs.

He,

He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
O, diſmiſs this Audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four:
Will theſe turtles begone?
King. Hence, Sirs, away.
Coſt. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay.
[*Exeunt* Coſt. *and* Jaquen.
Biron. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O, let us embrace:
As true we are, as fleſh and blood can be.
The ſea will ebb and flow, heaven will ſhew his face:
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworn.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine?
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſavage man of *Inde*,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt)
Bows not his vaſſal head, and, ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Majeſty?
King. What zeal, what fury, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My love (her miſtreſs) is a gracious moon;
She (an attending ſtar) ſcarce ſeen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron*.
O, but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complexions the cull'd Sovereignty
Do meet, as at a Fair, in her fair cheek;
Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues;
Fie, painted rhetorick! O, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale a ſeller's praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe; the praiſe, too ſhort, doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, fiveſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy;
O, 'tis the ſun, that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine! (24)
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book,
That I may ſwear, Beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look?
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black?
King. O paradox, black is the badge of hell:
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of night; (25)
And beauty's creſt becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light:
O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,
It mourns, that Painting and uſurping Hair
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her Favour turns the faſhion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelf black to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her, are chimney-ſweepers black.
Long. And ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.
King. And *Ethiops* of their ſweet complexion crack.

(24 *Is Ebony like her? O* Word *divine!*] This is the Reading of all the Editions that I have ſeen: but both Dr. *Thirlby* and Mr. *Warburton* concurr'd in reading, (as I had likewiſe conjectur'd) *O* Wood *divine!*

(25) —— *black is the badge of Hell;*
The hue of dungeons, and the School *of Night.*] *Black*, being the *School* of Night, is a Piece of Myſtery above my Comprehenſion. I had gueſs'd, it ſhould be, *the* Stole *of Night*: but I have preferr'd the Conjecture of my Friend Mr. *Warburton*, as it comes nearer in Pronunciation to the corrupted Reading, as well as agrees better with the other Images.

Dum.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſh'd away.
King. 'Twere good, yours did: for, Sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſh'd to day:
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till dooms-day here.
King. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face ſee.
Biron. O, if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Dum. O vile! then as ſhe goes, what upward lies
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walkt over head.
King. But what of this, are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good *Biron*, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; —— ſome flattery for this evil.
Long. O, ſome Authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some ſalve for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need.
Have at you then, Affection's Men at arms;
Conſider, what you firſt did ſwear unto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman;
Flat treaſon 'gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomachs are too young:
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy, (Lords)
In that each of you hath forſworn his book.
Can you ſtill dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of Study's excellence.
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the book, the academies,

From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire:
Why, univerſal plodding priſons up
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries;
As motion and long during Action tires
The ſinewy Vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in That forſworn the uſe of eyes;
And Study too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to our ſelf,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is.
Then, when our ſelves we ſee in ladies eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our Learning there?
O, we have made a vow to ſtudy, lords;
And in that vow we have forſworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toil.
But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious Seeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind!
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt Sound,
When the ſuſpicious head of thrift is ſtopt. (26)

Love's

(26) *A Lover's Ear will hear the loweſt Sound,*
When the ſuſpicious Head of Theft *is ſtop'd.*]
I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute a Word here, againſt the Authority of all the printed Copies. There is no Contraſt of Terms, betwixt a *Lover* and a *Thief*: but betwixt a *Lover* and a *Man of Thrift* there is a remarkable *Antitheſis*. Nor is it true in

Love's Feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails.
Love's Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* groſs in Taſte;
For Savour, is not Love a *Hercules*,
Still climbing trees in the *Heſperides?* (27)
Subtle as *Sphinx*; as ſweet and muſical
As bright *Apollo*'s lute, ſtrung with his hair:
And when Love ſpeaks the voice of all the Gods, (28)
Mark, Heaven drowſie with the harmony!

in Fact, I believe, that a *Thief*, harden'd to the Profeſſion, is always ſuſpicious of being apprehended; but He may ſleep as ſound as an honeſter Man. But, according to the Ideas we have of a *Miſer*, a Man who makes *Lucre* and *Self* his ſole Object and Purſuit, his Sleeps are broken and diſturb'd with perpetual Apprehenſions of being robb'd of his darling Treaſure: conſequently, his Ear is upon the *attentive Bent*, even when he ſleeps beſt.

(27) *For* Valour *is not Love a* Hercules.
Still climbing Trees in the Heſperides?]

I have here again ventur'd to tranſgreſs againſt the printed Books. The Poet is here obſerving how all the Senſes are refin'd by Love. But what has the poor Senſe of *Smelling* done, not to keep its Place among its Brethren? Then *Hercules*'s *Valour* was not in *climbing the Trees*, but in attacking the Dragon *gardant*. I rather think, the Poet meant, that *Hercules* was allured by the *Odour* and *Fragrancy* of the golden Apples.

(28) *And when Love ſpeaks, the Voice of all the Gods,*
Make *Heaven drowſie with the Harmony.*]

As this is writ and pointed in all the Copies, there is neither *Senſe*, nor *Concord*; as will be obvious to every underſtanding Reader. The fine and eaſy Emendation, which I have inſerted in the Text, I owe to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*. His Comment on Heaven being *drowſie* with the *Harmony* is no leſs ingenious; and therefore, I'll ſubjoin it in his own Words. "Muſick, we muſt obſerve, in our Author's time "had a very different Uſe to what it has now. At preſent, "it is only employ'd to *raiſe* and *inflame* the *Paſſions*; then, to "*calm* and *allay* all kind of *Perturbations*. And, agreeable to "this Obſervation, throughout all *Shakeſpeare*'s Plays, where "Muſick is either actually uſed, or its Power deſcrib'd, 'tis "always ſaid to be for theſe Ends.

Never durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.———
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right *Promethean* fire,
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were, theſe women to forſwear:
Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdom's ſake (a word, that all men love)
Or for love's ſake, (a word, that loves all men;)
Or for mens ſake, (the author of theſe women;)
Or womens ſake, (by whom we men are men;)
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find our ſelves;
Or elſe we loſe our ſelves, to keep our Oaths.
It is religion to be thus forſworn,
For charity it ſelf fulfils the law;
And who can ſever love from charity?

King. Saint *Cupid*, then! and, ſoldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, Lords;
Pell mell, down with them; but be firſt adviſ'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing, lay theſe glozes by;
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe girls of *France?*

King. And win them too; therefore let us deviſe
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Biron. Firſt, from the Park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs; in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape:
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair love, ſtrewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be ſitted.

Biron.

Biron. Allons! Allons! ſown Cockle reap'd no corn; (29)
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure;
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel *and* Dull:

HOLOFERNES.

Satis, quod ſufficit.

Nath. I praiſe God for you, Sir, your reaſons at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious; pleaſant without Scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without Impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſy: I did converſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the King's, who is entituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armado.*

Hol. *Novi hominem, tanquam te.* His humour is loſty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical. He is too piqued, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A moſt ſingular and choice epithet.

[*draws out his table book.*

(29) Alone, alone, *ſow'd Cockrel,*] The Editors, ſure, could have no Idea of this Paſſage. *Biron* begins with a repetition in *French* of what the King had ſaid in *Engliſh*; *Away, away!* and then proceeds with a proverbial Expreſſion, inciting them to what he had before advis'd, from this Inference; *if We only ſow* Cockle, *we ſhall never reap* Corn. i. e. If we don't take the proper Meaſures for winning theſe Ladies, we ſhall never atchieve them. *Mr. Warburton.*

Hol.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch phanatical phantaſms, ſuch inſociable and *point-deviſe* companions; ſuch rackers of orthography, as do ſpeak dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which we would call abhominable: (30) it inſinuateth me of Inſanie: *Ne intelligis, Domine*, to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. *Laus deo, bone, intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?* —— *bone*, for *benè*; *Priſcian* a little ſcratch'd; 'twill ſerve.

Enter Armado, Moth *and* Coſtard.

Nath. *Videſne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirrah?

(30) *It inſinuateth me of* infamy: Nè intelligis, Domine, *to make frantick, lunatick?*

Nath. Laus Deo, *bene* intelligo.

Hol. Bome boon *for* boon Preſcian; a little Scratch, 'twill ſerve.] This Play is certainly none of the beſt in it ſelf, but the Editors have been ſo very happy in making it worſe by their Indolence, that they have left me *Augeas*'s Stable to cleanſe: and a Man had need have the Strength of a *Hercules* to heave out all their Rubbiſh. But to Buſineſs; Why ſhould *Infamy* be explain'd by making *frantick, lunatick?* It is plain and obvious that the Poet intended, the Pedant ſhould coin an uncouth affected Word here, *inſanie* from *inſania* of the *Latines*. Then, what a Piece of unintelligible Jargon have theſe learned Criticks given us for *Latine?* I think, I may venture to affirm, I have reſtor'd the Paſſage to its true Purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo*, bone, intelligo.

The Curate, addreſſing with Complaiſance his brother Pedant, ſays, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone Vir*; but the Pedant thinking, he had miſtaken the Adverb, thus deſcants on it.

Bene?——*bone* for *benè*. Priſcian *a little ſcratch'd: 'twill ſerve:* Alluding to the common Phraſe, *Diminuis* Priſciani *caput*, applied to ſuch as ſpeak falſe *Latine*. *Arm.*

Arm. Men of Peace, well encountred.

Hol. Moſt military Sir, ſalutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtole the ſcraps.

Coſt. O, they have liv'd long on the Alms-basket of words. I marvel, thy maſter hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not ſo long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art eaſier ſwallow'd than a flap dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monſieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book: What is A B ſpelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia,* with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou conſonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I. (31)

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I.——

Moth. The ſheep; the other two concludes it, o, u.

Arm. Now by the ſalt wave of the *Mediterraneum,* a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit; ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man: which is wit old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſputeſt like an infant; go, whip thy gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip

(31) *The* laſt *of the five Vowels, if you repeat them; or the* fifth *if I:*
Hol. *I will repeat them,* a, e, I.——
Moth. *The Sheep:——the other two concludes it* out] Wonderful Sagacity again! All the Editions agree in this Reading; but is not the *laſt,* and the *fifth,* the ſame *Vowel?* Tho' my Correction reſtores but a poor *Conundrum,* yet if it reſtores the Poet's Meaning, it is the Duty of an Editor to trace him in his

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antick. I beſeech you, follow.

Hol. Via! good man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor underſtood none neither, Sir.

Hol. Allons; we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Moſt dull, honeſt, *Dull*, to our Sport away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *before the Princeſs's Pavilion.*

Enter Princeſs, and Ladies.

Prin. SWeet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If Fairings come thus plentifully in.
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!——
Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Roſ. Madam, came nothing elſe along with That?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cram'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to ſeal on *Cupid's* name.

Roſ. That was the way to make his God-head wax,
For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.

Roſ. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your ſiſter.

Cath. He made her melancholy, ſad and heavy,
And ſo ſhe died; had ſhe been light, like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandam ere ſhe dy'd.
And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long.

Roſ. What's your dark meaning, mouſe, of this light word?

Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.

Roſ.

Roſ. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Cath. You'll marr the light, by taking it in ſnuff:
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.
Roſ. Look what you do; and do it ſtill i' th' dark.
Cath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Roſ. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.
Cath. You weigh me not; O, that's, you care not for me.
Roſ. Great reaſon; for paſt Cure is ſtill paſt Care. (33)
Prin. Well bandied both; a ſet of wit well play'd.
But, *Roſaline*, you have a Favour too:
Who ſent it? and what is it?
Roſ. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witneſs this.
Nay, I have verſes too, I thank *Biron*.
The numbers true; and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt Goddeſs on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter.
Prin. Any thing like?
Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good concluſion.
Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Roſ. Ware pencils. How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter.
O, that your face were not ſo full of Oes!
Cath. Pox of that jeſt, and I beſhrew all ſhrews: (34).

(33) —— *for paſt* Care *is ſtill paſt* Cure.] The Tranſpoſition which I have made in the two Words, *Care* and *Cure*, is by the Direction of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*. The Reaſon ſpeaks for itſelf.

(34) Prin. *Pox of that jeſt, and I beſhrew all Shrews.* As the *Princeſs* has behav'd with great Decency all along hitherto, there is no Reaſon to be aſſign'd why ſhe ſhould ſtart all at once into this courſe Dialect. But I am perſuaded, the Editors only have made her go out of Character. In ſhort, *Roſaline* and *Catharine* are rallying one another without Reſerve; and to *Catharine* this firſt Line certainly belong'd, and therefore I have ventur'd once more to put her in poſſeſſion of it. *Prin.*

Prin. But what was ſent to you from fair *Dumaine?*
Cath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not ſend you twain?
Cath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,
Some thouſand verſes of a faithful lover.
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſie,
Vildly compil'd, profound ſimplicity.
Mar. This, and theſe pearls, to me ſent *Longaville;*
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no leſs; doſt thou not wiſh in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?
Mar. Ay, or I would theſe hands might never part.
Prin. We are wiſe girls, to mock our lovers for't.
Roſ. They are worſe fools to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Biron* I'll torture, ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by th' week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and ſeek,
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigal wits in bootleſs rhimes,
And ſhape his ſervice all to my beheſts,
And make him proud to make me proud with jeſts:
So Pedant like would I o'erſway his ſtate, (35)
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wiſdom hatch'd,
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Roſ. The blood of youth burns not in ſuch exceſs,
As gravity's revolt to wantonneſs.

(35) *So* pertaunt *like would I o'erſway his State.*] If the Editors are acquainted with this Word, and can account for the Meaning of it, their Induſtry has been more ſucceſsful than mine, for I can no where trace it. *So* pedant-*like*, as I have ventur'd to replace in the Text, makes very good Senſe, *i. e.* in ſuch lordly, controlling, manner would I bear Myſelf over him, &c. What *Biron* ſays of a *Pedant*, towards the Concluſion of the 2d Act, countenances this Conjecture.

A domineering Pedant *o'er the boy,*
Than whom *no Mortal more* magnificent.

Mar.

Mar. Folly in fools, bears not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the wiſe, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in ſimplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am ſtabb'd with laughter; where's her Grace?
Prin. Thy news, *Boyet?*
Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.
Arm, wenches, arm; Encounters mounted are
Againſt your peace; love doth approach diſguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be ſurpriz'd.
Muſter your wits, ſtand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to ſaint *Cupid!* what are they,
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.
Boyet. Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd Reſt,
Toward that ſhade, I might behold, addreſt
The King and his companions; warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by;
And over-heard, what you ſhall over-hear:
That, by and by, diſguis'd they will be here.
Their Herald is a pretty knaviſh Page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embaſſage.
Action and accent did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out:
For, quoth the King, an Angel ſhalt thou ſee;
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.
The boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil;
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a Devil. —
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before.

Ano-

Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *via!* we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well:
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, paſſion's ſolemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like *Muſcovites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I gueſs.
Their purpoſe is to parley, court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his ſev'ral miſtreſs; which they'll know
By favours ſev'ral, which they did beſtow.

Prin. And will they ſo? the gallants ſhall be taſkt;
For, ladies, we will every one be maſkt:
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace,
Deſpight of ſuite, to ſee a lady's face.
Hold, *Roſaline*; this favour thou ſhalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Dear:
Hold, take you this, my ſweet, and give me thine;
So ſhall *Biron* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change your Favours too; ſo ſhall your Loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.

Roſ. Come on then, wear the Favours moſt in ſight.

Cath. But in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. Th' effect of my intent is to croſs theirs;
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their ſeveral councils they unboſom ſhall
To loves miſtook, and ſo be mockt withal,
Upon the next occaſion that we meet,
With viſages diſplay'd, to talk and greet.

Roſ. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace:
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the Speaker's heart,

And

And quite divorce his memory from his Part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch Sport, as Sport by Sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So ſhall we ſtay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mockt, depart away with ſhame. [*Sound.*
Boyet. The trumpet ſounds; be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, *and attendants, diſguis'd like* Moſcovites; Moth *with Muſick, as for a maſquerade.*

Moth. All hail, the richeſt beauties on the earth!
Boyet. Beauties, no richer than rich taffata. (36)
Moth. A holy parcel of the faireſt dames,
That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views.
[The ladies turn their backs to him.
Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.
Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.
Out ——
Biron. True; *out*, indeed.
Moth. Out of your favours, heav'nly Spirits, vouchſafe
Not to behold.
Biron. Once to behold, rogue.
Moth. Once to behold with your ſun-beamed eyes ——
With your ſun-beamed eyes ——
Boyet. They will not anſwer to that epithete;
You were beſt call it daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

(36) Biron. *Beauties, no richer than rich Taffata.*] *i. e.* The *Taffata* Masks they wore to conceal Themſelves. All the Editors concur to give this Line to *Biron*; but, ſurely, very abſurdly; for he's One of the zealous Admirers, and hardly would make ſuch an Inference. *Boyet* is ſneering at the Parade of their Addreſs, is in the ſecret of the Ladies' Stratagem, and makes himſelf Sport at the Abſurdity of their Proëm, in complimenting their Beauty, when they were mask'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmoſt Propriety.

Biron.

Biron. Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue.
Roſ. What would theſe ſtrangers? know their minds,
Boyet.
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our Will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes.
Know, what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the Princeſs?
Biron. Nothing, but peace and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boyet. Nothing, but peace and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. Why, That they have; and bid them ſo be gone.
Boyet. She ſays, you have it; and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a meaſure with her on the graſs.
Boyet. They ſay, that they have meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a meaſure with you on this graſs.
Roſ. It is not ſo. Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.
Boyet. If to come hither you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?
Biron. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boyet. She hears herſelf.
Roſ. How many weary ſteps
Of many weary miles, you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we ſpend for you;
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſavages) may worſhip it.
Roſ. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars, to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.
Roſ. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moon-ſhine in the water.

King.

King. Then in our meaſure vouchſafe but one change;
Thou bid'ſt me beg, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſ. Play, muſick, then; nay, you muſt do it ſoon.
Not yet? no dance? thus change I, like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? how come you thus eſtrang'd?
Roſ. You took the moon at full, but now ſhe's chang'd.
King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man.
The muſick plays, vouchſafe ſome motion to it.
Roſ. Our ears vouchſafe it.
King. But your legs ſhould do it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice; take hands; —— we will not dance.
King. Why take you hands then!
Roſ. Only to part friends;
Curt'ſie, ſweet hearts, and ſo the meaſure ends.
King. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.
Roſ. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
King. Prize yourſelves then; what buys your company?
Roſ. Your abſence only.
King. That can never be.
Roſ. Then cannot we be bought; and ſo, adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſ. In private then.
King. I am beſt pleas'd with That.
Biron. White-handed miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and ſugar, there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys; and if you grow ſo nice,
Methegline, wort, and malmſey; —— well run, dice:
There's half a dozen ſweets.
Prin. Seventh ſweet, adieu;
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in ſecret.

Prin.

Prin. Let it not be ſweet.
Biron. Thou griev'ſt my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter. ———
Biron. Therefore meet.
Dum Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady, ———
Mar. Say you ſo? fair lord:
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Pleaſe it you;
As much in private; and I'll bid adieu.
Catb. What, was your vizor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reaſon, lady, why you ask.
Cath. O, for your reaſon! quickly, Sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs vizor half.
Catb. Veal, quoth the *Dutch* man; is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Catb. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Catb. No, I'll not be your half;
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourſelf in theſe ſharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaſte lady? do not ſo.
Catb. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Catb. Bleat ſoftly then, the butcher hears you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge, invincible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen:
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe. ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings;
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.
Roſ. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure ſcoff.——

King.

King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
[*Exeunt King and Lords.*

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen *Muscovites*,
Are these the Breed of wits so wondred at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puft out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly poor flout!
Will they not (think you) hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in vizors, shew their faces?
This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. *Biron* did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. *Dumain* was at my service, and his sword:
No, *point*, quoth I; my servant strait was mute.

Cath. Lord *Longaville* said, I came o'er his heart:
And, trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute caps.
But will you hear? the King is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me.

Cath. And *Longaville* was for my service born.

Mar. *Dumain* is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change Favours; and, when they repair
Blow, like sweet roses, in this summer air.

Prin. How, blow? how, blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, maskt, are roses in their bud;

Or angel-veiling clouds: are roſes blown,
Diſmaskt, their damask ſweet Commixture ſhewn.
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! what ſhall we do,
If they return in their own ſhapes to woo?
Roſ. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them ſtill, as well known, as diſguis'd;
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Diſguis'd, like *Muſcovites*, in ſhapeleſs gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow Shows, and Prologue vilely pen'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the Gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our Tents, as roes run o'er the land.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *before the Princeſs's Pavilion.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in their own habits*; Boyet *meeting them.*

KING.

FAIR Sir, God ſave you! Where's the Princeſs?
Boyet. Gone to her Tent.
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, command me any ſervice to her?
King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and ſo will ſhe, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pidgeons peas;
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth pleaſe;
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and waſſals, meetings, markets, fairs:
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.

This

This Gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
Had he been *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
He can carve too, and liſp: why, this is he,
That kiſt away his hand in courteſie;
This is the ape of form, Monſieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can ſing
A mean moſt mainly; and, in uſhering,
Mend him who can; the ladies call him ſweet;
The ſtairs, as he treads on them, kiſs his feet.
This is the flower, that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his teeth, as white as whale his bone. ——
And conſciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd *Boyet*.

King. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue with my heart,
That put *Armado*'s Page out of his Part!

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Catharine, Boyet, *and attendants*.

Biron. See, where it comes; behaviour, what wert thou,
'Till this man ſhew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, ſweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.

King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.

King. We come to viſit you, and purpoſe now
To lead you to our Court; vouchſafe it then.

Prin. This field ſhall hold me, and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for That, which you provoke;
The vertue of your eye muſt break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you ſhould have ſpoke:
For virtue's office never breaks mens' troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſully'd lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yield to be your houſe's gueſt:

So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our ſhame.
Prin. Not ſo, my lord; it is not ſo, I ſwear;
We have had paſtimes here, and pleaſant game.
A meſs of *Ruſſians* left us but of late.
King. How, Madam? *Ruſſians?*
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtſhip, and of ſtate.
Roſ. Madam, ſpeak true. It is not ſo, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)
In courteſie gives undeſerving praiſe.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In *Ruſſian* habit: here they ſtay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jeſt is dry to me. Fair, gentle, ſweet,
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh; when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light; your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.
Roſ. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my eye—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.
Roſ. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you leſs.
Roſ. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what vizor? why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizor, that ſuperfluous Caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
King. We are deſcried: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum.

Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your Highneſs ſad?
Roſ. Help, hold his brows, he'll ſwoon: why look you pale?
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from *Muſcovy*.
Biron. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for Perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?
Here ſtand I, lady, dart thy ſkill at me;
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout,
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in *Ruſſian* habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizor to my friend,
Nor woo in rhime, like a blind harper's ſong.
Taffata-phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce affectation,
Figures pedantical, theſe ſummer-flies,
Have blown me full of maggot-oſtentation:
I do forſwear them; and I here proteſt,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet *yeas*, and honeſt kerſie *noes*:
And to begin, wench, (ſo God help me, law!)
My love to thee is ſound, *ſans* crack or flaw.
Roſ. Sans, ſans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am ſick.
I'll leave it by degrees: ſoft, let us ſee;
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on thoſe three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lyes;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe lords are viſited, you are not free;
For the lord's tokens on you both I ſee.
Prin. No, they are free, that gave theſe tokens to us.

Biron. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.
Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue?
Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourſelves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, ſweet Madam, for our rude Tranſgreſſion
Some fair excuſe.
Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here, but even now, diſguis'd?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well adviſ'd?
King. I was, fair Madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.
Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.
King. Deſpiſe me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Roſaline,*
What did the *Ruſſian* whiſper in your ear?
Roſ. Madam, he ſwore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight; and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word!
King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.
Roſ. By heav'n, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, to th' Princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did ſhe wear,
And lord *Biron,* I thank him, is my Dear.
What? will you have me? or your pearl again?

Biron.

Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.
I ſee the trick on't; here was a conſent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
To daſh it, like a *Chriſtmas* comedy.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany,
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome *Dick*,
That ſmiles his cheek in jeers, and knows the trick (37)
To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,
Told our intents before; which once diſclos'd,
The ladies did change Favours, and then we,
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe:
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forſworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is. — And might not You [*To* Boyet.
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' ſquier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye,
And ſtand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our Page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden ſword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave Manage, this Career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtrait. Peace, I have done.

Enter Coſtard.

Welcome, pure wit, thou parteſt a fair fray.
Coſt. O lord, Sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies ſhall come in, or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Coſt. No, Sir, but it is vara fine;
For every one purſents three.

(37) *That ſmiles his Cheek in* years.] Thus the whole Set of Impreſſions: but I cannot for my Heart comprehend the Senſe of this Phraſe. I am perſuaded, I have reſtor'd the Poet's Word and Meaning. *Boyet*'s Character was That of a *ſleerer, ſneerer, mocker, carping* Blade.

Biron. And three times three is nine?

Coſt. Not ſo, Sir, under correction, Sir; I hope, it is not ſo.

You cannot beg us, Sir; I can aſſure you, Sir, we know what we know: I hope, three times thrice, Sir——

Biron. Is not nine.

Coſt. Under correction, Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By *Jove*, I always took three threes for nine.

Coſt. O lord, Sir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Coſt. O lord, Sir, the parties themſelves, the actors, Sir, will ſhew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poor man, *Pompion* the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Coſt. It pleaſed them to think me worthy of *Pompion* the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to ſtand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Coſt. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take ſome care.

King. *Biron*, they will ſhame us; let them not approach. [*Exit* Coſt.

Biron. We are ſhame-proof, my lord; and 'tis ſome policy

To have one Show worſe than the King's and his Company.

King. I ſay, they ſhall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now; That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how. Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents Dies in the zeal of that which it preſents; Their form, confounded, makes moſt form in mirth; When great things, labouring, periſh in their birth.

Biron. A right deſcription of our ſport, my lord.

Enter

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man ſerve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, ſweet, honey monarch; for, I proteſt, the ſchoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſtical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they ſay, to *fortuna de la guerra*. I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal coupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies: he preſents *Hector* of *Troy*; the ſwain, *Pompey* the Great; the pariſh-curate, *Alexander*; *Armado*'s page, *Hercules*; the pedant, *Judas Machabeus*.

And if theſe four Worthies in their firſt Show thrive,
Theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

Biron. There are five in the firſt Show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy.

A bare throw at *Novum*, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five ſuch, take each one in's vein.

King. The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

Enter Coſtard *for* Pompey.

Coſt. I Pompey *am*——

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Coſt. I Pompey *am*——

Boyet. With *Libbard*'s head on knee.

Biron. Well ſaid, old mocker: I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Coſt. I Pompey *am*, Pompey *ſurnam'd the Big*.

Dum. The Great.

Coſt. It is Great, Sir; Pompey, *ſurnam'd the Great*;
That oft in field, with targe and ſhield,
Did make my foe to ſweat:

And travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this ſweet Laſs of France.
If your ladyſhip would ſay, "thanks,—*Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great *Pompey*.

Coſt. 'Tis not ſo much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in *great*.

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, *Pompey* proves the beſt Worthy.

Enter Nathaniel *for* Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander;*
By eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, I ſpread my conquering might:
My 'Scutcheon plain declares, that I am Aliſander.

Boyet. Your noſe ſays, no, you are not; for it ſtands too right.

Biron. Your noſe ſmells, no, in this, moſt tender ſmelling Knight.

Prin. The Conqueror is diſmaid: proceed, good *Alexander*.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander.*

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo, *Aliſander*.

Biron. Pompey the Great,———

Coſt. Your ſervant, and *Coſtard*.

Biron. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander*.

Coſt. O Sir, you have overthrown *Aliſander* the Conqueror. [*to* Nath.] You will be ſcraped out of the painted cloth for this; your lion, that holds the poll-ax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool, will be given to *Ajax*; he will be then the ninth Worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to ſpeak? run away for ſhame, *Aliſander*. There, an't ſhall pleaſe you; a fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, inſooth, and a very good bowler; but for *Aliſander*,

Aliſander, alas, you ſee, how 'tis a little o'er parted: but there are Worthies a coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

Biron. Stand aſide, good *Pompey*.

Enter Holofernes *for* Judas, *and* Moth *for* Hercules.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this imp,
Whoſe club kill'd *Cerberus*, that three-headed *canus*;
And when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his *manus*:
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology.——
Keep ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. [*Exit* Moth.

Hol. Judas *I am*.

Dum. A *Judas!*

Hol. Not *Iſcariot*, Sir;
Judas *I am*, *ycleped* Machabeus.

Dum. Judas Machabeus clipt, is plain *Judas*.

Biron. A kiſſing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas?*

Hol. Judas *I am*.

Dum. The more ſhame for you, *Judas*.

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himſelf.

Hol. Begin, Sir, you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old *Roman* coin, ſcarce ſeen.

Boyet. The pummel of *Cæſar*'s falchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. *George*'s half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer;
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron.

Biron. Falſe; we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do ſo.
Boyet. Therefore as he is an aſs, let him go.
An ſo adieu, ſweet *Jude*; nay, why doſt thou ſtay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the *Aſs* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Jud-as*, away.
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for monſieur *Judas*; it grows dark, he may ſtumble.
Prin. Alas! poor *Machabeus*, how he hath been baited!

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy head, *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in arms.
Dum. Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in reſpect of this.
Boyet. But is this *Hector?*
King. I think, *Hector* was not ſo clean-timber'd.
Long. His leg is too big for *Hector*.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is beſt indu'd in the ſmall.
Biron. This can't be *Hector*.
Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.
Arm. *The armipotent* Mars, *of launces the Almighty, Gave* Hector *a gift*, ——
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. *The armipotent* Mars, *of launces the Almighty, Gave* Hector *a gift, the heir of* Ilion;
A man ſo breath'd, that certain he would fight ye From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that Flower.
Dum. That mint.
Long. That cullambine.
Arm. Sweet lord *Longaville*, rein thy tongue.

Long.

Long. I muſt rather give it the rein; for it runs againſt *Hector*.

Dum. Ay, and *Hector*'s a grey-hound.

Arm. The ſweet War man is dead and rotten; Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the bury'd: But I will forward with my device; Sweet Royalty, beſtow on me the ſenſe of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave *Hector*; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy ſweet Grace's ſlipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not, by the yard,

Arm. *This* Hector *far ſurmounted* Hannibal.

Coſt. The Party is gone, fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'ſt thou?

Coſt. Faith, unleſs you play the honeſt *Trojan*, the poor wench is caſt away; ſhe's quick, the child brags in her belly ready. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Doſt thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou ſhalt die.

Coſt. Then ſhall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta*, that is quick by him; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey!*

Boyet. Renowned *Pompey!*

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey! Pompey* the huge!

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Biron. *Pompey* is mov'd; more *Ates*, more *Ates*; ſtir them on, ſtir them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will ſup a flea.

Arm. By the north-pole, I do challenge thee.

Coſt. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll ſlaſh; I'll do't by the Sword: I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incenſed Worthies.

Coſt. I'll do't in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey!*

Math.

Moth. Maſter, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not ſee, *Pompey* is uncaſing for the combat: what mean you? you will loſe your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and ſoldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, *Pompey*, hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reaſon have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of linnen; ſince when, I'll be ſworn, he wore none but a diſh-clout of *Jaquenetta*'s, and that he wears next his heart for a Favour.

Enter Macard.

Mac. God ſave you, Madam!

Prin. Welcome, *Macard*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Mac. I'm ſorry, Madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father——

Prin Dead, for my life.

Mac. Even ſo: my Tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the Scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath; I have ſeen the day of wrong through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelf like a ſoldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your Majeſty?

Prin. *Boyet*, prepare; I will away to night.

King. Madam, not ſo; I do beſeech you, ſtay.

Prin. Prepare, I ſay.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe
In your rich wiſdom to excuſe, or hide,
The liberal oppoſition of our ſpirits;
If over-boldly we have borne our ſelves
In the converſe of breath, your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy lord;

An

An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue: (38)
Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of thanks,
For my great Suit ſo eaſily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed;
And often, at his very looſe, decides
That, which long Proceſs could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of Progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſie of love,
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince;
Yet ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd: Since, to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief:
And by theſe badges underſtand the King.
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul Play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to th' oppoſed end of our intents;
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains,
All wanton as a child, skipping in vain,
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth roll,
To every varied object in his glance;
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if, in your heav'nly eyes,

(38) *An heavy heart bears not* an humble *Tongue.*] Thus all the Editions; but ſurely, without either Senſe or Truth. None are more *humble* in Speech, than they who labour under any Oppreſſion. The *Princeſs* is deſiring, her Grief may apologize for her not expreſſing her Obligations at large; and my Correction is conformable to that Sentiment. Beſides, there is an *Antitheſis* between *heavy* and *nimble*; but between *heavy* and *humble*, there is none.

Have

Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities;
Thoſe heav'nly eyes, that look into theſe faults,
Suggeſted us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to our ſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe, for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both; fair ladies, you:
And even that falſhood, in it ſelf a ſin,
Thus purifies it ſelf, and turns to Grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your Favours, the embaſſadors of love:
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſie;
As bumbaſt, and as lining to the time:
But more devout, than theſe are our reſpects,
Have we not been: and therefore met your loves
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, Madam, ſhew'd much more than jeſt.

Long. So did our looks.

Roſ. We did not coat them ſo.

King. Now at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs; and therefore, this ——
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do aught, this ſhall you do for me;
Your oath I will not truſt; but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay, until the twelve celeſtial Signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frofts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bear this tryal, and laſt love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,

Come

Come challenge me; challenge me, by theſe deſerts;
And by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine; and 'till that inſtant ſhut
My woful ſelf up in a mourning houſe,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt;
The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye!
Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breaſt.

Biron. (39) [And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rank.
You are attaint with fault and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Catb. A wife! —— a beard, fair health and honeſty;
With threefold love I wiſh you all theſe three.

Dum. O, ſhall I ſay, I thank you, gentle wife?

(39) Biron. [*And what to me, my Love? and what to me?*
Roſ. *You muſt be purged too: your Sins are rank:*
You are attaint with Fault and Perjury.
Therefore if you my Favour mean to get,
A Twelvemonth ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt;
But ſeek the weary Beds of People ſick.]

Theſe ſix Verſes both Dr. *Thirlby* and Mr. *Warburton* concur to think ſhould be expung'd; and therefore I have put them between Crotchets: Not that they were an Interpolation, but as the Author's firſt Draught, which he afterwards rejected; and executed the ſame Thought a little lower with much more Spirit and Elegance. *Shakeſpeare* is not to anſwer for the preſent abſurd repetition, but his Actor-Editors; who thinking *Roſalind*'s Speech too long in the ſecond Plan, had abridg'd it to the Lines above quoted: but, in publiſhing the Play, ſtupidly printed both the Original Speech of *Shakeſpear*, and their own Abridgment of it.

Catb.

Cath. Not ſo, my lord, a twelve month and a day,
I'll mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd wooers ſay.
Come, when the King doth to my lady come;
Then if I have much love, I'll give you ſome.
Dum. I'll ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.
Cath. Yet ſwear not, leſt you be forſworn again.
Long. What ſays *Maria?*
Maria. At the twelve month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll ſtay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are ſo young.
Biron. Studies my lady? miſtreſs, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble Suit attends thy anſwer there;
Impoſe ſome ſervice on me for thy love.
Roſ. Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron,*
Before I ſaw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of compariſons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lye within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you pleaſe,
(Without the which I am not to be won;)
You ſhall this twelve-month-term from day to day
Viſit the ſpeechleſs Sick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches; and your task ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T' enforce the pained Impotent to ſmile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death!
It cannot be, it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.
Roſ. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears,
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle ſcorns; continue then,

And

And I will have you, and that fault withal:
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit;
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your Reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well; befall, what will befall,
I'll jeſt a twelve-month in an Hoſpital.

Prin. Ay, ſweet my lord, and ſo I take my leave. [*to the King.*

King. No, Madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play;
Jack hath not *Jill*; theſe ladies' courteſie
Might well have made our ſport a Comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majeſty, vouchſafe me ——

Prin. Was not that *Hector?*

Dum. That worthy Knight of *Troy.*

Arm. I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a Votary; I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the plough for her ſweet love three years. But, moſt eſteem'd Greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the owl and the cuckow? it ſhould have follow'd in the end of our Show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

Arm. Holla! approach. ——

Enter all, for the Song.

This ſide is *Hiems*, winter.
This *Ver*, the ſpring: the one maintain'd by the owl,
The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The

The SONG.

SPRING.

When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmens' clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick *the shepherd blows his nail;*
And Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu whit! to-whoo!
A merry note,
While greasie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the Parson's saw;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's *nose looks red and raw;*

When

When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl
Tu-whit! to-whoo!
A merry note,
While greaſie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of *Mercury*
Are harſh after the Songs of *Apollo:*
You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

H Gravelot in & del. Vol: 2.P: 263. *G.V.te Gucht Scul.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE.
Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and uſurper of his dukedom.*
Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his baniſh-*
Jaques, } *ment.*
Le Beu, *a courtier attending on* Frederick.
Oliver, *eldeſt ſon to Sir* Rowland de Boys, *who had for-*
merly been a ſervant to the Duke.
Jaques, } *Younger brothers to* Oliver.
Orlando, }
Adam, *an old Servant of Sir* Rowland de Boys, *now fol-*
lowing the fortunes of Orlando.
Dennis, *ſervant to* Oliver.
Charles, *a wreſtler, and ſervant to the uſurping Duke* Frederick.
Touchſtone, *a clown attending on* Celia *and* Roſalind.
Corin, } *ſhepherds.*
Silvius, }
A clown, in love with Audrey.
William, *another clown, in love with* Audrey.
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a country curate.*

Roſalind, *daughter to the Duke.*
Celia, *daughter to* Frederick.
Phebe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foreſters, and other attendants.

The SCENE *lyes, firſt, near* Oliver's *houſe; and afterwards, partly in the Duke's Court; and partly in the Foreſt of* Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE, *OLIVER's Orchard.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

ORLANDO.

AS I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this faſhion bequeath'd me by Will, but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my brother on his Bleſſing to breed me well; and there begins my ſadneſs. My brother *Jaques* he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home; or (to ſpeak more properly) ſtays me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? his horſes are bred better; for beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this Nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the Something that Nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me. He

lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the Spirit of my father, which, I think, is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my maſter your brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar That which God made; a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? what Prodigal's portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know, you are my eldeſt brother; and in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me; the courteſie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt-born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you: albeit, I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngeſt ſon of Sir

Sir *Rowland de Boys*; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his Will to give me good education; you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities; the Spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Adam.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's Wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in; —— 'twill be a good way; and to morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow to your Worſhip.

Oli. Good Monſieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new Court?

Char. There's no news at the Court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is baniſh'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him; whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if *Roſalind*, the Duke's daughter, be baniſh'd with her father?

Char. O, no; for the Duke's daughter her couſin ſo loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the Court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved, as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Char. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time careleſſly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Char. Marry, do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a Fall; to-morrow, Sir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he, that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him; as I muſt for mine own honour, if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in

in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find, I will moſt kindly requite. I had myſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by under-hand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villanous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck, as his finger. And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon; entrap thee by ſome treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other; for I aſſure thee, (and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it) there is not one ſo young and ſo villanous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cher. I am heartily glad, I came hither to you: if he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more; and ſo, God keep your Worſhip. [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I ſtir this gameſter: I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device, of all Sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed. But it ſhall not be ſo, long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all; nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Open Walk, before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I Pray thee, *Roſalind*, ſweet my coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear *Celia*, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein, I ſee, thou lov'ſt me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy baniſh'd father, had baniſhed thy uncle the Duke, my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine Honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet *Roſe*, my dear *Roſe*, be merry.

Roſ. From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe Sports: let me ſee, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make ſport withal; but love no man in good earneſt, nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Roſ. What ſhall be our Sport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would, we could do ſo; for her benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel.

Cel. 'Tis true: for thoſe, that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe, that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favoured.

Roſ. Nay, now thou goeſt from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchſtone, *a Clown.*

Cel. No! when nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by fortune fall into the fire? tho' nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune ſent in this Fool to cut off this argument?

Roſ. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of nature's Wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work, neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch Goddeſſes, hath ſent this Natural for our whetſtone; for always the dulneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits. How now, Wit, whither wander you?

Clo. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Roſ. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught: Now I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good, and yet was not the Knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Roſ. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now; ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you ſwear by That that is not, you are not forſworn; no more was this Knight ſwearing by his honour,

nour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is That thou mean'ſt?

Clo. (1) One, that old *Frederick* your father loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough; ſpeak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of theſe days.

Clo. The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true; for ſince the little wit that fools have was ſilenc'd, the little foolery that wiſe men have makes a great Show: here comes Monſieur *Le Beu*.

Enter Le Beu.

Roſ. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pidgeons feed their young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we ſhall be the more marketable. *Bon jour, Monſieur le Beu*; what news?

Le Beu. Fair Princeſs, you have loſt much good Sport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour, Madam? how ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel.

(1) Clo. *One, that old* Frederick *your father loves.*

Roſ. *My father's Love is enough to honour him enough;*] This Reply to the *Clown* is in all the Books plac'd to *Roſalind*; but *Frederick* was not her Father, but *Celia*'s: I have therefore ventur'd to prefix the Name of *Celia*. There is no Countenance from any Paſſage in the Play, or from the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, to imagine, that Both the Brother-Dukes were Namefakes; and One call'd the Old, and the Other the Younger *Frederick*; and, without ſome ſuch Authority, it would make Confuſion to ſuppoſe it.

Ch.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank, ———

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beu. You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your Ladyſhips, you may ſee the end, for the beſt is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man and his three ſons, ———

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence; ———

Roſ. With bills on their necks: *Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents,* ———

Le Beu. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with *Charles* the Duke's Wreſtler; which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerv'd the Second, and ſo the Third: yonder they lie, the poor old man their father making ſuch pitiful Dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas!

Clo. But what is the Sport, Monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beu. Why this, that I ſpeak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! It is the firſt time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But (2) is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken muſick

(2) *Is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken Muſick in his Sides?*] This ſeems a ſtupid Error in the Copies. They are talking here of ſome who had their Ribs broke in Wreſtling: and the Pleaſantry of *Roſalind*'s Repartee muſt conſiſt in the Alluſion She makes to *compoſing* in *Muſick*. It neceſſarily follows

muſick in his ſides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? ſhall we ſee this wreſtling, Couſin?

Le Beu. You muſt if you ſtay here, for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, ſure, they are coming; let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke Frederick, *Lords*, Orlando, Charles, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Come on, ſince the Youth will not be entreated; his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke. How now, Daughter and Couſin; are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Roſ. Ay, my liege, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the man: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur *Le Beu.*

Duke. Do ſo; I'll not be by. [Duke *goes apart.*

Le Beu. Monſieur the Challenger, the Princeſſes call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all reſpect and duty.

Roſ. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wreſtler?

Orla. No, fair Princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: you have ſeen cruel proofs of this man's ſtrength. If you ſaw your ſelf with your own eyes, or

lows therefore, that the Poet wrote——ſet *this* broken Muſick *in his Sides*, Mr. *Warburton.*

knew

knew your ſelf with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Roſ. Do, young Sir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed; we will make it our ſuit to the Duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orla. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my tryal, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well; pray heav'n, I be deceiv'd in you.

Orla. Your heart's deſires be with you! ———

Char. Come, where is this young Gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, Sir; but his Will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke. You ſhall try but one Fall.

Char. No, I warrant your Grace, you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mockt me before; but come your ways.

Roſ. Now *Hercules* be thy ſpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg! [*they wreſtle.*

Roſ. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [*Shouts.*

Duke.

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles *is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I beſeech your Grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How doſt thou, *Charles?*

Le Beu. He cannot ſpeak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. Orlando, my liege, the youngeſt ſon of Sir *Rowland de Boys.*

Duke. I would, thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe!
The world eſteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another Houſe.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exit* Duke, *with his train.*

Manent Celia, Roſalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland*'s ſon,
His youngeſt ſon, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Frederick.*

Roſ. My father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Couſin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly as you have exceeded all in promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.

Roſ. Gentleman,
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz? [*Giving him a Chain from her Neck.*

Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla.

Orla. Can I not ſay, I thank you? —— my better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintaine, a meer lifeleſs block.
Roſ. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown.
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Roſ. Have with you: fare you well.
[*Exeunt.* Roſ. *and* Cel.
Orla. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her; yet ſhe urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poor *Orlando!* thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.
Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the Duke's condition,
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.
Orla. I thank you, Sir; and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was Daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wreſtling?
Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter is his daughter;
The other's daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping Uncle
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle Neice;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,

And

And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orla. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well!
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother:
But, heav'nly *Roſalind!* —— [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the* Palace.

Re-enter Celia *and* Roſalind.

Cel. Why, Couſin; why, *Roſalind*; *Cupid* have mercy; not a word!

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two Couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lam'd with Reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my Child's father. Oh, how full of briers is this working-day-world!

Cel. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try, if I could cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

Roſ. O, they take the part of a better Wreſtler than my ſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpight of a Fall; —— but turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: is it poſſible on ſuch a ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old Sir *Rowland*'s youngeſt ſon?

Roſ.

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? by this kind of chaſe, I ſhould hate him; for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I? doth he not deſerve well?

Enter Duke, *with Lords*.

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me, Uncle!

Duke. You, Couſin.
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick Court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Ros. I do beſeech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with my ſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own deſires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truſt, I am not,) then, dear Uncle,
Never ſo much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highneſs.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace it ſelf:
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Ros. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me wherein the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your Highneſs took his Dukedom;
So was I, when your Highneſs baniſh'd him;
Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,

To

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke. Ay, *Celia*, we but ſtaid her for your ſake;
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay;
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her; if ſhe be a traitor,
Why, ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like *Juno*'s Swans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Duke. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Thou art a fool; ſhe robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous,
When ſhe is gone; then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,
Which I have paſt upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my Liege;
I cannot live out of her company

Duke. You are a fool; you, Neice, provide your ſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine Honour,
And in the Greatneſs of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *&c.*

Cel. O my poor *Roſalind*; where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers! I will give thee mine:
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Roſ. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful; know'ſt thou not, the Duke
Has baniſh'd me his daughter?

Roſ. That he hath not.

Cel. *No?* hath not? (3) *Roſalind* lacks then the love;
Which

(3) ——— Roſalind *lacks then the Love,*
Which teacheth thee *that thou and I am one*]
Tho' this be the Reading of all the printed Copies, 'tis evident, the Poet wrote;

Which

Which teacheth *Me* that thou and I am one:
Shall we be ſundred? ſhall we part, ſweet Girl?
No, let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly;
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not ſeek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs your ſelf, and leave me out:
For by this heav'n, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou can'ſt, I'll go along with thee.

Roſ. Why, whither ſhall we go?

Cel. To ſeek my Uncle in the foreſt of *Arden*.

Roſ. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far!
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put my ſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face;
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

Roſ. Were't not better.
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant Curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide,
As many other manniſh Cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Roſ. I'll have no worſe a name than *Jove's* own Page;
And therefore, look, you call me *Ganimed*;
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Which teacheth Me———.
for if *Roſaline* had learn'd to think *Celia* one Part of her Self,
She could not lack that love which *Celia* complains She does.
My Emendation is confirm'd by what *Celia* ſays when She firſt
comes upon the Stage.

Roſ.

Roſ. But, Couſin, what if we aſſaid to ſteal
The clowniſh Fool out of your father's Court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To Liberty, and not to Baniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, Arden *FOREST.*

Enter Duke *Senior*, Amiens, *and two or three Lords like Foreſters.*

DUKE *ſenior.*

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than That of painted Pomp? are not theſe woods
More free from peril, than the envious Court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*, (4)
The Seaſons' difference; as, the icie phang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even 'till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
This is no Flattery: theſe are Counſellors,
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.

(4) *Here feel we* not *the Penalty*] What was the Penalty of *Adam*, hinted at by our Poet? The being ſenſible of the Difference of the Seaſons. The *Duke* ſays, the Cold and Effects of the Winter feelingly perſuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the Penalty? Doubtleſs, the Text muſt be reſtor'd as I have corrected it: and 'tis obvious in the Courſe of theſe Notes, how often *not* and *but* by Miſtake have chang'd Place in our Author's former Editions.

Sweet

Sweet are the uſes of Adverſity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtyle.

Duke Sen. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſart city,
Should, in their own Confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches goar'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that;
And in that kind ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother, that hath baniſh'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my ſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor ſequeſtred ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth ſuch groans
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
Stood on th' extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what ſaid *Jaques*?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,

Left

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company: anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: ay, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greasie citizens,
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
Are meer usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits.
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* PALACE *again.*

Enter Duke Frederick *with Lords.*

Duke. CAN it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be; some villians of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 *Lord.* My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing:
Hisperia, the Princess' Gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard
Your Daughter and her Cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrestler,
That did but lately foil the sinewy *Charles*;

And

And she believes, where ever they are gone,
That Youth is surely in their company.
Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that Gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this suddenly;
And let not Search and Inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* OLIVER's *House.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orla. WHO's there?
Adam. What! my young master? oh, my gentle master,
Oh, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland!* why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny Priser of the humorous Duke?
Your Praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
Orla. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no; no brother; yet the son,——
Yet not the son; I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his practices:
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;

Abhor

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, *Adam*, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a baſe, and boiſterous ſword enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take That; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant;
Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly; let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orla. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world;
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And, having That, do choak their ſervice up
Even with the Having; it is not ſo with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry;
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,

We'll

We'll light upon ſome ſettled low Content.
Adam. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſp with truth and loyalty.
From ſeventeen years 'till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years Many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* FOREST *of* Arden.

Enter Roſalind *in Boy's cloaths for* Ganimed, Celia *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs for* Aliena, *and* Clown.

Roſ. O *Jupiter!* how weary are my ſpirits? (5)
Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.
Roſ. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman; but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow it ſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good *Aliena.*
Cel. I pray you, bear with me, I cannot go no further.
Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I ſhould bear no Croſs, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no mony in your purſe.
Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of *Arden.*
Clo. Ay; now I am in *Arden*, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.
Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good *Touchſtone:* look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in ſolemn talk.

(5) *O* Jupiter! *how* merry *are my Spirits?*] And yet, within the Space of one intervening Line, She ſays, She could find in her Heart to diſgrace her Man's Apparel, and *cry* like a Woman. Sure, this is but a very bad Symptom of the *Briskneſs of Spirits:* rather, a direct Proof of the contrary Diſpoſition. Mr. *Warburton* and I, concurr'd in conjecturing it ſhould be, as I have reform'd it in the Text:——*how* weary *are my Spirits?* And the Clown's Reply makes this Reading certain.

Enter

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, *Corin*, being old, thou can'ſt not gueſs,
Tho' in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As, ſure, I think, did never man love ſo)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſie?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily;
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That ever love did make thee run into;
Thou haſt not lov'd.———
Or if thou haſt not ſate as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy miſtreſs praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd.———
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me;
Thou haſt not lov'd.———
O *Phebe! Phebe! Phebe!* [*Exit* Sil.

Roſ. Alas, poor Shepherd! ſearching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found my own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming a-nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears, wear theſe for my ſake. We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer, than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be ware of my own wit, 'till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove! this Shepherd's paſſion is much upon my faſhion. *Clo.*

Clo. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.
Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.
Clo. Holla; you, Clown!
Roſ. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.
Cor. Who calls?
Clo. Your Betters, Sir.
Cor. Elſe they are very wretched.
Roſ. Peace, I ſay; good Even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.
Roſ. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this deſart place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt our ſelves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.
Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am Shepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little wreaks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his Coate, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-coate now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee;
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.
Roſ. What is he, that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?
Cor. That young ſwain, that you ſaw here but ere while,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could waſte
My time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold;
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be;
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a desart Part of the* FOREST.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others.*

SONG.

Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lye with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur *Jaques.*

Jaq. I thank it; more, I pr'ythee, more; I can suck melancholy out of a Song, as a weazel sucks eggs: more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing; come, come, another stanzo; call you 'em stanzo's?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur *Jaques.*

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing.——Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please my self.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but That, they call Compliments, is like the encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues——

Ami.

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong, Sirs; cover the while; the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to lye i' th' Sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs;
Leaving his wealth and eaſe
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdame?*

Jaq. 'Tis a *Greek* invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go to ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt born of *Egypt*.

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear maſter, I can go no further; O, I die

for food! here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave. Farewel, kind maſter.

Orla. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee? live a little; comfort a little; chear thyſelf a little. If this uncouth Foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my ſake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee preſently, and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid, thou look'ſt cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou lieſt in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter, and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this Deſart. Cheerly, good *Adam.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke Sen. *and Lords.* [*A Table ſet out.*

Duke Sen. I think, he is transform'd into a beaſt,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:
Go ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, Monſieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool;—I met a fool i' th' foreſt,
A motley fool; a miſerable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,

Ca

Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath ſent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poak,
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, it is ten a clock:
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a Courtier,
And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only ſuit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have;
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: and why, Sir, muſt they ſo?
The why is plain, as way to pariſh church;
(6) He, whom a fool doth very wiſely hit,

Doth

(6) *He whom a Fool doth very wiſely hit,*
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandring glances of a fool.
Invest me in my motley, give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
'Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her;
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
Thinking, that I mean him; but therein suites
His folly to the metal of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,

Seem senseless of the bob. If not, &c.] Besides that the third Verse is defective one whole *Foot* in Measure, the Tenour of what *Jaques* continues to say, and the Reasoning of the Passage, shew it no less defective in the Sense. There is no doubt, but the two little Monosyllables, which I have supply'd, were either by Accident wanting in the *Manuscript* Copy, or by Inadvertence were left out at *Press*.

Then

Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild gooſe, flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, *with Sword drawn.*

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.——

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor ſhalt thou, 'till neceſſity be ſerv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this Cock come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs?
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nurture: but forbear, I ſay:
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are anſwered.

Jaq. If you will not
Be anſwered with reaſon, I muſt die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.

Orla. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orla. Speak you ſo gently? pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this deſart inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſate at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be,

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke Sen. True is it, that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sate at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till your return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be blest'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal Theatre
Presents more woful pageants, than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a Stage,
And all the men and women meerly Players;
They have their *Exits* and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistres' eye-brow. Then a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,

Full

Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful Hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Enter Orlando, *with* Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: ſet down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.
Orla. I thank you moſt for him.
Adam. So had you need,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for my ſelf.
Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your fortunes.
Give us ſome muſick; and, good couſin, ſing.

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho: ſing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Moſt friendſhip is feigning; moſt loving meer folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:

Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remembred not.
Heigh ho! ſing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowland's* Son,
As you have whiſper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs,
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke,
That lov'd your Father. The reſidue of your fortune
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old Man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſter is;
Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the* PALACE.

Enter Duke, *Lords and* Oliver.

DUKE.

NOT ſee him ſince? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument
Of my revenge, thou preſent: but look to it;
Find out thy brother, wherefoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth; or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
'Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

Ol.

Oli. Oh, that your Highneſs knew my heart in this: I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well, puſh him out of doors;
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent upon his houſe and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* FOREST.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. HAng there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love;
And thou thrice-crowned Queen of Night ſurvey,
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name that my full life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind!* theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this Foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, *Orlando*, carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive She. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin *and* Clown.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, Mr. *Touchſtone?*

Clo. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is: and that he, that wants mony, means, and content, is without three good

good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the Sun: that he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philoſopher. Waſt ever in Court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope ——

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roaſted egg, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reaſon.

Clo. Why, if thou never waſt at Court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchſtone:* thoſe, that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the behaviour of the Country is moſt mockable at the Court. You told me, you ſalute not at the Court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſie would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were ſhepherds.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fels, you know, are greaſie.

Clo. Why, do not your Courtiers hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholſome as the ſweat of a man? ſhallow, ſhallow; —— a better inſtance, I ſay: come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again: —— a more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; and would you have us kiſs tarr? the Courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man! thou worms-meat in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh, indeed! learn of the

wiſe

wiſe and perpend; civet is of a baſer birth than tarr; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man; God make inciſion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other mens good, content with my harm; and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together; and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd to a bell-weather; and to betray a ſhe lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated old cuckoldy ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhould'ſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. *Ganimed*, my new miſtreſs's brother.

Enter Roſalind, *with a paper.*

Roſ. *From the eaſt to weſtern* Inde,
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, faireſt lin'd,
Are but black to Roſalind;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Roſalind.

Clo. I'll rhime you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Roſ. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taſte. ———

If a hart doth lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.

If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
Winter garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They, that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to Cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Roſ. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly the tree yields bad fruit.

Roſ. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earlieſt fruit i' th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the Foreſt judge.

Enter Celia, *with a writing.*

Roſ. Peace, here comes my Siſter reading; ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this a Deſart be,*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age;
Some of violated vows,
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend;
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence end,

Will

Will I Roſalinda *write;*
Teaching all that read, to know,
This Quinteſſence of every Sprite
Heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's *cheeks, but not her heart,*
Cleopatra's *majeſty;*
Atalanta's *better part;*
Sad Lucretia's *modeſty.*
Thus Roſalind *of many parts*
By heav'nly ſynod was deviſ'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the Touches deareſt priz'd.
Heav'n would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Roſ. O moſt gentle *Jupiter!* — what tedious homily of love have you wearied your Pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, have patience, good people?

Cel. How now? back-friends! ſhepherd, go off a little: go with him, ſirrah.

Clo. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. [*Exeunt* Cor. *and* Clown.

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe verſes?

Roſ. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Roſ. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear without wondring, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carv'd upon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: for look here, what I found on a palm-

palm-tree; I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince *Pythagoras*'s time, that I was an *Iriſh* rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Roſ. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping ———

Roſ. Odd's, my complexion! doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? (6) One inch of delay more is a South-ſea off diſcovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it; quickly, and ſpeak apace; I would thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful; let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

(6) *One Inch of Delay more is a South-ſea of Diſcovery*;] A South-ſea of Diſcovery: This is ſtark Nonſenſe; We muſt read —— *off* Diſcovery, *i. e.* from Diſcovery. "If you delay "me one Inch of Time longer, I ſhall think this Secret as far "from Diſcovery as the *South-ſea* is."

Cel.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels and your heart both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak, ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Roſ. Orlando!

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe? what did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? what ſaid he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he ask for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me *Garagantua*'s mouth firſt; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: to ſay, ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this Foreſt, and in man's apparel? looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſie to count atoms, as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover: but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Roſ. It may well be call'd *Jove*'s tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he ſtretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Roſ. Tho' it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen; thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak: Sweet, ſay on.

Enter

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Roſ. 'Tis he; ſlink by, and note him.

[Cel. *and* Roſ. *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been my ſelf alone.

Orla. And ſo had I; but yet for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. I pray you, marr no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, marr no more of my Verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Roſalind, is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleaſing you, when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orla. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers; have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not ſo: (7) but I anſwer you right painted cloth, from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think, it was made of *Atalanta*'s heels. Will you ſet down with me, and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs, the world, and all our miſery.

(7) *But I anſwer you right* painted cloth.] This alludes to the Faſhion, in old Tapeſtry Hangings, of Mottos and moral Sentences from the Mouths of the Figures work'd or painted in them. The Poet again hints at this Cuſtom in his Poem, call'd, *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*:

Who fears a Sentence, or an Old Man's Saw,
Shall by a painted Cloth *be kept in Awe.*

Orla.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but my ſelf, againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue; I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll ſtay no longer with you; farewel, good Signior love! [*Exit.*

Orla. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monſieur melancholy! [Cel. *and* Roſ. *come forward.*

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him: do you hear, forester?

Orla. Very well; what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orla. You ſhould ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the Foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true lover in the Foreſt; elſe, ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, Sir: time travels in divers paces, with divers perſons; I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal?

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemniz'd: if the interim be but a ſennight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Roſ. With a prieſt that lacks *Latine*, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe

cauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. Theſe time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orla. Whom ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. With lawyers in the vacation; for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Roſ. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the skirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the cony, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is ſomething finer, than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many; but, indeed, an old religious Uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an in-land man, one that knew courtſhip too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half pence are; every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the Foreſt, that abuſes our young Plants with carving *Roſalind* on their barks; hangs Odes upon hawthorns, and Elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of *Roſalind*. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the Quotidian of love upon him.

Orla.

Orla. I am he, that is ſo love-ſhak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my Uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure, you are not priſoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Roſ. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable ſpirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; —— but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your Having in beard is a younger Brother's revenue; —— then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbutton'd, your ſhoo untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation; but you are no ſuch man, you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving your ſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Roſ. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her, that you love, believe it; which, I warrant, ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does; that is one of the points, in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But, in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the Verſes on the trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orla. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Roſalind*, I am That he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in love, as your rhimes ſpeak?

Orla. Neither rhime nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

Roſ. Love is meerly a madneſs, and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as mad men do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs: and I ſet him every day to wooe me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh

mooniſh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs; which was, to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monaſtick; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clear as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come every day to my cotte, and wooe me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I will ſhew it you; and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the Foreſt you live: will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, nay, you muſt call me *Roſalind*: come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clown, Audrey *and* Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the man yet? doth my ſimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet honeſt *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited, worſe than *Jove* in a thatch'd houſe!

Clo. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good Wit ſeconded with the forward child, Underſtanding; it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room; truly, I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honeſt in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wiſh then, that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do, truly; for thou ſwear'ſt to me, thou art honeſt: now if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Clo. No, truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd; for honeſty coupled to beauty, is, to have honey a ſawce to ſugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the Gods make me honeſt!

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the Gods for thy foulneſs! ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what tho'? courage. As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even ſo —— poor men alone? —— no, no, the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal: is the ſingle man there-

therefore bleſſed? no. As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your Chappel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good maſter *what ye call*: how do you, Sir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your laſt company! I am very glad to ſee you; even a toy in hand here, Sir: nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley?*

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon his bells, ſo man hath his deſire; and as pidgeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

Clo. Come, ſweet *Audrey*, we muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry: farewell, good Sir *Oliver*; not O ſweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee: but wind away, begone, I ſay, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir

Sir Oliv. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my Calling. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Cottage in the* Foreſt.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. NEver talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

Roſ. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire, therefore weep.

Roſ. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas*'s: marry his kiſſes are *Judas*'s own children.

Roſ. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour,

Cel. An excellent colour: your cheſnut was ever the only colour.

Roſ. (8) And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity, as the touch of holy Beard.

Cel. (9) He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of *Diana*; a nun

(8) *And his kiſſing is as full of Sanctity, as the Touch of holy* Bread.] Tho' this be the Reading of the oldeſt Copies, I have made no Scruple to ſubſtitute an Emendation of Mr. *Warburton*, which mightily adds to the Propriety of the *Simile*. What can the Poet be ſuppos'd to mean by *holy Bread?* Not the *Sacramental*, ſure; that would have been Prophanation, upon a Subject of ſo much Levity. But *holy Beard* very beautifully alludes to the Kiſs of a holy *Saint*, which the Ancients call'd the *Kiſs of Charity*. And for *Roſalind* to ſay, that *Orlando* kiſs'd as holily as a Saint, renders the Compariſon very juſt.

(9) *He hath bought a pair of* chaſt *Lips of* Diana; *a Nun of* Winter's *Siſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of Chaſtity is in them.*] This Pair of *chaſt Lips* is a Corruption as old as the ſecond Edition in *Folio*: I have reſtor'd with the firſt *Folio*, a Pair of *caſt* Lips, i. e. a Pair left off by *Diana* —— Again, what Idea does a Nun of *Winter*'s Siſterhood give us? Tho' I have not ventur'd to diſturb the Text, it ſeems more probable to me that the Poet wrote;

A Nun of Winifred's *Siſterhood*, &c.

a nun of Winter's ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

Roſ. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purſe nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Roſ. You have heard him ſwear downright, he was.

Cel. Was, is not is; beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings; he attends here in the Foreſt on the Duke your Father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he aſkt me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando*.

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puiſny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Miſtreſs and maſter, you have oft enquired

Not, indeed, that there was any real religious Order of that Denomination: but the Legend of St. *Winifred* is this. She was a Chriſtian Virgin at *Holywell* a ſmall Town in *Flintſhire*, ſo tenacious of her Chaſtity, that when a tyrannous Governor laid Siege to her, he could not reduce her to Compliance, but was oblig'd to raviſh, and afterwards beheaded her in Revenge of her Obſtinacy. *Vid.* Cambden's Britannia by *Dr.* Gibſon, p. 688. This Tradition ſorts very well with our Poet's Alluſion.

After

After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love;
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly plaid,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain;
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Roſ. O come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:
Bring us but to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy Actor in their Play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another part of the* Foreſt.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Sil. SWeet *Phebe*, do not ſcorn me; do not, *Phebe*;
Say, that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs; the common executioner,
Whoſe heart th' accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon: (10) will you ſterner be
Than he that deals, and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia *and* Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, there is murther in mine eyes;
'Tis pretty ſure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,

(10) ——— *will you ſterner be,*
Than He that dies and lives by bloody drops?
This is ſpoken of the Executioner. He *lives* indeed, by bloody Drops, if you will: but how does he *dye* by bloody Drops? The Poet muſt certainly have wrote——*that* deals *and lives*, &c. i. e. that gets his Bread, and makes a Trade of cutting off Heads. Mr. *Warburton.*

Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers! ——
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou can'ſt not, oh, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murtherers.
Now ſhew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy Palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy,
Then ſhall you know the wounds invifible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phebe. But 'till that time,
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, 'till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.

Roſ. And why, I pray you? who might be your mother,
That you inſult, exult, and rail, at once
Over the wretched? (11) what though you have beauty,
(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work: odds, my little life!

(11) —— *What though you have* no *Beauty*,] Tho' all the printed Copies agree in this Reading, it is very accurately obſerv'd to me by an ingenious unknown Correſpondent, who ſigns himſelf L. H. (and to whom I can only here make my Acknowledgments) that the *Negative* ought to be left out.

I think

I think, ſhe means to tangle mine eyes too:
No, faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man,
Than ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fools as you,
That make the world full of ill favour'd children;
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatter her;
And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelf more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.
But, miſtreſs, know your ſelf; down on your knees,
And thank heav'n, faſting, for a good man's love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer:
So take her to thee, ſhepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Roſ. He's fallen in love with your foulneſs, and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger. If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee, with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words. Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Roſ. I pray you, do not fall in love with me;
For I am falſer than vows made in wine;
Beſides, I like you not. If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by:
Will you go, Siſter? ſhepherd, ply her hard:
Come, Siſter; ſhepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud; 'tho' all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* Roſ. Cel. *and* Corin.

Phe. Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy Saw of might;
Whoever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe!*

Phe. Hah: what ſay'ſt thou, *Silvius?*

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle *Silvius*.
Sil. Where-ever ſorrow is, relief would be;
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your Sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou haſt my love; is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were Covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.
Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth, that ſpoke to me ere-while?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
That the old *Carlot* once was maſter of.
Phe. Think not, I love him, tho' I ask for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy, yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them, pleaſes thoſe that hear:
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;
But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man; the beſt thing in him
Is his Complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make Offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but ſo ſo, and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip,
A little riper, and more luſty red

Than

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red and mingled damask.
There be ſome women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black:
And, now I am remembred, ſcorn'd at me;
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; wilt thou, *Silvius*?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, *Silvius*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE *continues in the FOREST.*

Enter Roſalind, Celia, *and* Jaques.

JAQUES.

I Pry'thee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad, and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

Roſ. A traveller! by my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear, you have ſold your own lands, to ſee other mens; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd me experience.

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happineſs, dear *Roſalind!*

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

Roſ. Farewel, monſieur traveller; look, you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own Country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think, you have ſwam in a Gondola. Why, how now, *Orlando*, where have you been all this while? You a lover? an you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

Orla. My fair *Roſalind*, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Roſ. Break an hour's promiſe in love! he that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' ſhoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Roſalind.*

Roſ.

Roſ. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight: I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

Orla. Of a ſnail?

Roſ. Ay, of a ſnail; for tho' he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman; beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Roſ. Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Roſalind* is virtuous.

Roſ. And I am your *Roſalind*.

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a *Roſalind* of a better leer than you.

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to conſent: what would you ſay to me now, an I were your very, very *Roſalind*?

Orla. I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orla. How if the kiſs be denied?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

Roſ. Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my ſuit?

Roſ. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your *Roſalind*?

Orla. I take ſome joy to ſay, you are; becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay, I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own perſon I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love-cauſe: *Troilus* had his brains daſh'd out with a *Grecian* club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh in the *Helleſpont*, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age found it was,——*Hero* of *Seſtos*. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Roſalind* of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a flie; but come; now I will be your *Roſalind* in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Roſalind.*

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orla. What ſay'ſt thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope ſo.

Ros. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing? come, ſiſter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us. Give me your hand, *Orlando:* what do you ſay, Siſter?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Ros. You muſt begin,——Will you, *Orlando*——

Cel. Go to; will you, *Orlando*, have to wife this *Roſalind?*

Orla. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Ros. Then you muſt ſay, I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Orla.

Orla. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission, but I do take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have possest her.

Orla. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a *day*, without the ever: no, no, *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives; I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pidgeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain; and I will do that, when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to sleep.

Orla. But will my *Rosalind* do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors fast upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, Wit, whither wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say, she came to seek you there: you shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For these two hours, *Rosalind*, I will leave thee.

Ros.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I muſt attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs; that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come death: two o' th' clock is your hour!

Orla. Ay, ſweet *Roſalind.*

Ros. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical break-promiſe, and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call *Roſalind*, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orla. With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Roſalind*; ſo adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old Juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [*Exit* Orla.

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be ſounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of *Portugal.*

Cel. Or rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs, that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love; I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orlando*; I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Jaques, *Lords, and Foreſters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke, like a *Roman* Conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no Song, Foreſter, for this purpoſe?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

Muſick, Song.

What ſhall he have, that kill'd the deer?
His leather ſkin and horns to wear;
Then ſing him home: —— take Thou no Scorn (12)
To wear the horn, the horn, the horn: } The reſt ſhall bear
It was a creſt, ere thou waſt born. } this Burthen.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it.
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. [Exeunt.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two o'clock? I wonder much, *Orlando* is not here.

(12) *Then ſing him home, the reſt ſhall bear this Burthen.*] This is no admirable Inſtance of the Sagacity of our preceding Editors, to ſay Nothing worſe. One ſhould expect, when they were *Poets*, they would at leaſt have taken care of the *Rhymes*, and not foiſted in what has Nothing to anſwer it. Now, where is the Rhyme to, *the reſt ſhall bear this Burthen?* Or, to ask another Queſtion, where is the Senſe of it? Does the Poet mean, that He, that kill'd the Deer, ſhall be ſung home, and the Reſt ſhall bear the Deer on their Backs? This is laying a Burthen on the Poet, that We muſt help him to throw off. In ſhort, the Myſtery of the Whole is, that a Marginal Note is wiſely thruſt into the Text: the Song being deſign'd to be ſung by a ſingle voice, and the Stanzas to cloſe with a Burthen to be ſung by the whole Company.

Cel.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep: look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all.
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix: 'odds my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me? well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,
A free-stone-colour'd hand; I verily did think,
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand, but that's no matter;
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like *Turk* to Christian; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention;
Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance; will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebe*'s cruelty.

Ros. She *Phebe*'s me; mark, how the tyrant writes.
[Reads.]

[Reads.] *Art thou God to ſhepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [Reads.] *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,*
Warr'ſt thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear ſuch railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me, a beaſt!
If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him ſeal up thy mind,
Whether that thy Youth and Kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity: wilt thou love ſuch a woman? what, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee? not to be endured! Well, go your way to her; (for I ſee, love hath made thee a tame ſnake,) and ſay this to her: "that if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe "will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for "her." If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,

Where,

Where, in the purlews of this foreſt, ſtands
A ſheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?
Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place;
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription,
Such garments, and ſuch years: "the boy is fair,
"Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
"Like a ripe Sifter: but the woman low,
"And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the houſe, I did enquire for?
Cel. It is no boaſt, being ask'd, to ſay, we are.
Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth, he calls his *Roſalind*,
He ſends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
Roſ. I am; what muſt we underſtand by this?
Oli. Some of my Shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When laſt the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And mark what object did preſent itſelf.
Under an oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high-top bald with dry antiquity;
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth, but ſuddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh; under which buſh's ſhade

A Lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his eldest brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do;
For, well I know, he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to *Orlando*; did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was it you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?——

Oli. By, and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desart place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There strip'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon *Rosalind*.——
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;

And,

And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the ſhepherd youth,
That he in ſport doth call his *Roſalind.*

Cel. Why, how now *Ganimed*, Sweet *Ganimed?*
[Roſ. *faints.*

Oli. Many will ſwoon, when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—couſin *Ganimed!*

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Roſ. Would, I were at home!

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man? you lack a man's heart.

Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, Sir, a body would think, this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh ho!——

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Roſ. So I do: but, i' faith, I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel Come you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I muſt bear anſwer back,
How you excuſe my brother, *Roſalind.*

Roſ I ſhall deviſe ſomething; but, I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *the FOREST.*

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

CLOWN.

WE ſhall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey*.

Aud. Faith, the Prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.

Clo. A moſt wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*; a moſt vile *Mar-text!* but *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the Foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no intereſt in Me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a Clown; by my troth, we, that have good wits, have much to anſwer for: we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William?*

Will. William, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Waſt born i'th' foreſt here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good anſwer: art rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, ſo, ſo.

Clo. So, ſo, is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but ſo ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will.

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſay'ſt well: I do now remember a Saying; *the fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool.* The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he: now you are not *ipſe*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that muſt marry this woman; therefore you, Clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave the ſociety, which in the booriſh, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman; which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or Clown, thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make the away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William.*

Will. God reſt you merry, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip, *Audrey*; trip, *Audrey*; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orla. Is't poſſible, that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould

ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? and will you preſevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love *Aliena*; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it ſhall be to your Good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland's*, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orla. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers: go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for, look you, here comes my *Roſalind*.

Roſ. God ſave you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter.

Roſ. Oh, my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Roſ. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhew'd me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight of two rams, and *Cæſar's* thraſonical brag of *I came, ſaw* and *overcame:* for your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they aſk'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy; and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very

wrath

wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They ſhall be married to morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! by ſo much the more ſhall I to morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why, then to morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for *Roſalind?*

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe, that I know, you are a gentleman of good conceit. I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge; inſomuch, I ſay, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things; I have, ſince I was three years old, converſt with a magician, moſt profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Roſalind* ſo near the heart, as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, you ſhall marry her. I know into what ſtraits of fortune ſhe is driven, and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to morrow; human as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, tho' I ſay, I am a magician: therefore, put you on your beſt array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to morrow, you ſhall; and to *Roſalind*, if you will.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.
Roſ. I care not, if I have: it is my ſtudy
To ſeem deſpightful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.
Phe. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Sil. It is to be made all of ſighs and teans,
And ſo am I for *Phebe*.
Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.
Orla. And I for *Roſalind*.
Roſ. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be made all of faith and ſervice;
And ſo am I for *Phebe*.
Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.
Orla. And I for *Roſalind*.
Roſ. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſie,
All made of Paſſion, and all made of wiſhes,
All adoration, duty and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance;
And ſo am I for *Phebe*.
Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganimed*.
Orla. And ſo am I for *Roſalind*.
Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.
Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
[*To* Roſ.
Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
[*To* Phe.
Orla. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
Roſ. Who do you ſpeak to, why blame you me to love you?
Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear?
Roſ. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of *Iriſh* wolves againſt the moon; I will help you if I can; I would love you, if I could: to morrow meet me all together; I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to morrow; — [*To* Phe.] I will ſatisfy you, if ever I ſatisfy'd man, and you

you ſhall be married to morrow; [*To* Orl.] I will content you, if, what pleaſes you, contents you; and you ſhall be married to morrow. [*To* Sil.] As you love *Roſalind*, meet, as you love *Phebe*, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So far you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey*: to morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my heart; and, I hope, it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the baniſh'd Duke's pages.

Enter two pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honeſt gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a Song.

2 *Page.* We are for you, ſit i'th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two Gypſies on a horſe.

SONG.

It was a lover and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn field did paſs
In the ſpring time; the pretty ſpring time,
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the ſpring time, &c.

Be-

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.
Theſe pretty country folks would lye,
In the ſpring time, &c.

The Carrol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable. (13)

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh Song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. Come, *Audrey.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Part of the Foreſt.*

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. DOST thou believe, *Orlando,* that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Orla. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not; As thoſe that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Roſalind, Silvius, *and* Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:

(13) *Truly, young Gentleman, tho' there was no great Matter in the Ditty, yet the Note was very* untuneable.] Tho' it is thus in all the printed Copies, it is evident from the ſequel of the Dialogue, that the Poet wrote as I have reform'd in the Text, *untimeable.* ——— *Time,* and *Tune,* are frequently miſprinted for one another in the old Editions of *Shakeſpeare.*

You ſay, if I bring in your *Roſalind*, [*To the Duke.*
You will beſtow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I Kingdoms to give with her.

Roſ. And you ſay, you will have her when I bring her? [*To* Orlando.

Orla. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.

Roſ. You ſay, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To* Phebe.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.

Roſ. But if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give yourſelf to this moſt faithful ſhepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Roſ. You ſay, that you'll have *Phebe*, if ſhe will? [*To* Silvius.

Sil. Tho' to have her and death were both one thing.

Roſ. I've promis'd to make all this matter even;
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me,
Or elſe refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd.
Keep your word, *Sylvius*, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me; and from hence I go
To make theſe doubts all even. [*Exe.* Roſ. *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. I do remember in this ſhepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My Lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good Lord, this boy is foreſt-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his uncle;
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obſcured in the circle of this foreſt.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Jaq. There is, ſure, another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the Ark. Here come a pair of very ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation, and greeting, to you all!

Jaq.

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a Courtier, he ſwears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a meaſure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy; I have undone three taylors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was That ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met; and found, the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.

Jaq. How the ſeventh cauſe?——good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I deſire you of the like: I preſs in here, Sir, amongſt the reſt of the country copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take That that no man elſe will. Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, Sir, in a poor houſe; as your pearl, in your foul oyſter.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.

Jaq. But, for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Clo. Upon a lie ſeven times removed; (bear your body more ſeeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did diſlike the cut of a certain Courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd the *Retort courteous*. If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf. This is call'd the *Quip modeſt*. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment. This is call'd the *Reply churliſh*. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true. This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie. This is call'd

the *Countercheck quarrelſome*; and ſo, the *Lye circumſtantial*, and the *Lye direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further than the *Lye circumſtantial*; nor he durſt not give me the *Lye direct*, and ſo we meaſur'd ſwords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the Lye?

Clo. O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. (14) I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; the ſecond, the Quip modeſt; the third, the Reply churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the Lye with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lye direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the Lye direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew, when ſeven Juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an If; as, if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

(14) *O, Sir, we quarrel in Print; by the Book; as you have Books for good Manners.*] The Poet throughout this Scene has with great Humour and Addreſs rallied the Mode, ſo prevailing in his Time, of formal *Duelling*. Nor could he treat it with a happier Contempt, than by making his Clown ſo knowing in all its Forms and Preliminaries. It was in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, that puſhing with the Rapier, or ſmall Sword, was firſt practis'd in *England*. And the boiſterous Gallants fell into the Faſhion with ſo much Zeal, that they did not content themſelves with practiſing at Sword in the Schools; but they ſtudied the Theory of the Art, the Grounding of Quarrels, and the Proceſs of giving and receiving Challenges, from *Lewis de Caranza*'s Treatiſe of Fencing, *Vincentio Saviola*'s Practice of the Rapier and Dagger, and *Giacomo Di Graffi*'s Art of Defence; with many other Inſtructions upon the ſeveral Branches of the Science.

Duke Sen.

Duke Sen. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind *in woman's cloaths, and* Celia.

STILL MUSICK.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heav'n,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen *from heaven brought her,*
Yea, brought her hither:
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within his boſom is.

Roſ. To you I give myſelf; for I am yours.
[*To the Duke.*
To you I give myſelf; for I am yours. [*To* Orlando.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in ſight, you are my *Roſalind.*

Phe. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why, then my love adieu!

Roſ. I'll have no father, if you be not he;
I'll have no husband, if you be not he;
Nor e'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe.

Hym. Peace, hoa! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in *Hymen*'s bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no Croſs ſhall part;
You and you are heart in heart;
You to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
You and you are ſure together,
As the winter to foul weather:

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning:
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we meet, and theſe things finiſh.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's *Crown,*
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen *peoples every town,*
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, *God of every town!*

Duke Sen. O my dear neice, welcome thou art to me,
Ev'n daughter-welcome, in no leſs degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the ſecond ſon of old Sir *Rowland,*
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly.
Duke *Frederick* hearing, how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His Crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brother's wedding;
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent Dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends

That

That here were well begun, and well begot:
And, after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick revelry:
Play, muſick; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to th' meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former Honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*
Your patience and your virtue well deſerve it.
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit;
[*To* Orla.
You to your land, and love, and great allies;
[*To* Oli.
You to a long and well deſerved bed; [*To Silv.*
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
[*To the Clown.*
Is but for two months victual'd: ſo to your pleaſures:
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, ſtay.

Jaq. To ſee no paſtime, I: what you would have,
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd Cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin theſe rites;
As, we do truſt they'll end, in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Roſ. It is not the faſhion to ſee the lady the Epilogue; but it is no more unhandſome, than to ſee the lord the Prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no buſh*, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do uſe good buſhes; and good Plays

prove the better by the help of good Epilogues. What a caſe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor can inſinuate with you in the behalf of a good Play? I am not furniſh'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this Play as pleaſes you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your ſimpring, none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the Play may pleaſe. If I were a woman, I would kiſs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſie, bid me farewel.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

H.Gravelot in & del Vol:2 P:345. G.V.dr Gucht Scul.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Characters *in the* Induction.

A *Lord, before whom the Play is ſuppoſed to be play'd.*
Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hoſteſs.

Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Baptiſta, *Father to* Catharina *and* Bianca; *very rich.*
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of* Piſa.
Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a gentleman of* Verona, *a ſuitor to* Catharina.

Gremio, Hortenſio, } *Pretenders to* Bianca.

Tranio, Biondello, } *Servants to* Lucentio.

Grumio, *Servant to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

Catharina, *the Shrew.*
Bianca, *her Siſter.*
Widow.

Taylor, Haberdaſhers; with Servants attending on Baptiſta, *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Padua; *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

THE

THE TAMING *of the* SHREW.

INDUCTION:

SCENE, *before an Alehouſe on a Heath.*

Enter Hoſteſs *and* Sly.

SLY.

ALL pheeze you, in faith.

Hoſt. A pair of ſtocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore, *paucus pallabris*; (1) let the world ſlide: *Seſſa.*

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt?

Sly. No, not a denière: go by, *Jeronimo* —— go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. (2)

Hoſt.

(1) paucus pallabris.] *Sly*, as an ignorant Fellow, is purpoſely made to aim at Languages out of his Knowledge, and knock the words out of Joint. The *Spaniards* ſay, *pócas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewiſe, *Ceſſa*, i. e. be quiet.

(2) *Go by S.* Jeronimy, *go to thy cold Bed, and warm thee.*] All the Editions have coin'd a Saint here, for *Sly* to ſwear by.

But

Hoſt. I know my remedy: I muſt go fetch the Third-borough. (3)

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anſwer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls aſleep.*

But the Poet had no ſuch Intentions. The Paſſage has particular Humour in it, and muſt have been very pleaſing at that time of day. But I muſt clear up a piece of Stage-hiſtory, to make it underſtood. There is a fuſtian old Play, call'd *Hieronymo*; Or, The *Spaniſh* Tragedy: which, I find, was the common But of Rallery to all the Poets of *Shakeſpeare*'s Time: and a Paſſage, that appear'd very ridiculous in that Play, is here humouroufly alluded to. *Hieronymo*, thinking himſelf injur'd, applies to the King for Juſtice; but the Courtiers, who did not deſire his Wrongs ſhould be ſet in a true Light, attempt to hinder him from an Audience.

Hiero. *Juſtice, oh! juſtice to* Hieronymo.

Lor. *Back*;——*ſee'ſt thou not, the King is buſie?*

Hiero. *Oh, is he ſo?*

King. *Who is He, that interrupts our Buſineſs?*

Hier. *Not I*:——Hieronymo, *beware*; go by, go by.

So *Sly* here, not caring to be dun'd by the *Hoſteſs*, cries to her in Effect, "Don't be troubleſom, don't interrupt me, *go by*"; and, to fix the Satire in his Alluſion, pleaſantly calls her *Jeronymo*.

(3) —— *I muſt go fetch the* Headborough.

Sly. Third, *or* fourth, *or* fifth *Borough*, &c.] This corrupt Reading had paſs'd down through all the Copies, and none of the Editors pretended to gueſs at the Poet's Conceit. What an inſipid, unmeaning Reply does *Sly* make to his *Hoſteſs*? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* Borough relate to *Headborough*: The Author intended but a poor Witticiſm, and even That is loſt. The *Hoſteſs* would ſay, that ſhe'll fetch a *Conſtable*: and this Officer ſhe calls by his other Name, a *Third-borough*: and upon this Term *Sly* founds the Conundrum in his Anſwer to her. Who does not perceive, at a ſingle glance, ſome Conceit ſtarted by this certain Correction? There is an Attempt to Wit, tolerable enough for a Tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-Borough* is a *Saxon*-term ſufficiently explain'd by the *Gloſſaries*: and in our *Statute books*, no farther back than the 28th Year of *Henry* VIIIth. we find it uſed to ſignify a *Conſtable*.

Wind

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a Train.

Lord. Huntſman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;
(Brach, *Merriman!* the poor cur is imboſt;)
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the meereſt loſs,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch
But ſup them well, and look unto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? ſee, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold, to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thy image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in ſweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him, when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuſe.

2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him, when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet.

Pro-

Procure me muſick ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And with a low ſubmiſſive reverence
Say, what is it your Honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon
Full of Roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper;
And ſay, wilt pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his Lady mourns at his diſeaſe;
Perſwade him, that he hath been lunatick.
And when he ſays he is, —— ſay, that he dreams;
For he is nothing but a mighty lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modeſty.

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his Office, when he wakes.
[*Some bear out* Sly. *Sound Trumpets.*
Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet is that ſounds.
Belike, ſome noble gentleman that means, [*Ex. Servant.*
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't pleaſe your Honour, Players
That offer ſervice to your lordſhip.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, Fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your Honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to night?

2 *Play.* So pleaſe your Lordſhip to accept our duty.

Lord.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. I think, 'twas *Soto* that your Honour means. (4)

Lord. 'Tis very true; thou didſt it excellent:
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to night;
But I am doubtful of your modeſties.
Leſt, over-eying of his odd Behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a Play,)
You break into ſome merry Paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you, Sirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord, we can contain our ſelves:
Were he the veriеſt antick in the world.

2 *Play.* [*to the other.*] Go get a Diſhclout to make clean your ſhoes, and I'll ſpeak for the properties.

[*Exit Player.*

My lord, we muſt have a ſhoulder of mutton for a property, and a little Vinegar to make our devil roar.

Lord. Go, ſirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome, every one:
Let them want nothing that the houſe affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholmew* my page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuits like a lady.
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,

(4) *I think, 'twas* Soto.] I take our Author here to be paying a Compliment to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Women pleas'd*, in which Comedy there is the Character of *Soto*, who is a Farmer's Son, and a very facetious Serving-man. Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* prefix the Name of *Sim* to the Line here ſpoken; but the firſt *folio* has it *Sincklo*; which, no doubt, was the Name of one of the Players here introduc'd, and who had play'd the Part of *Soto* with Applauſe.

And

And call him Madam, do him all obeiſance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
He bear himſelf with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accompliſh'd;
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly courteſie;
And ſay; what is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her duty, and make known her love?
And then with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſom,
Bid him ſhed tears, as being over-joy'd
To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for twice ſeven years hath eſteem'd himſelf (5)
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar:
And if the boy hath not a woman's gift
To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
An Onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift;
Which in a Napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpight enforce a wat'ry eye.
See this diſpatch'd, with all the haſte thou canſt;
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions. [*Ex. Servant.*
I know the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant;
I'll in to counſel them: haply, my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen;
Which otherwiſe will go into extreams. [*Exit Lord.*

(5) *Who for* theſe *ſeven years hath eſteem'd himſelf*
No better than a poor and loathſom Beggar.]
I have ventur'd to alter a Word here, againſt the Authority of the printed Copies; and hope, I ſhall be juſtified in it by two ſubſequent Paſſages. That the Poet deſign'd, the Tinker's ſuppos'd Lunacy ſhould be of 14 years ſtanding at leaſt, is evident upon two parallel Paſſages in the Play to that Purpoſe.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Bed-Chamber in the Lord's Houſe.*

Enter Sly *with Attendants, ſome with apparel, baſon and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

Sly. FOR God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your Honour taſte of theſe Conſerves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your Honour wear to day?

Sly. I am *Chriſtophero Sly*, call not me Honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life: and if you give me any Conſerves, give me Conſerves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes, more feet than ſhoes; or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n ceaſe this idle humour in your Honour!
Oh, that a mighty man of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit! ———

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I *Chriſtophero Sly*, old *Sly*'s Son of *Burton-heath*, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bearherd, and now by preſent profeſſion, a tinker? ask *Marian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if ſhe know me not; if ſhe ſay, I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught: here's ———

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your ſervants droop.

Lord.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams.
Look, how thy ſervants do attend on thee;
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſick? hark, *Apollo* plays; [*Muſick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.
Say, thou wilt walk, we will beſtrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks, will ſoar
Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt courſe, thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags; ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Man.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
And at that ſight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weep:
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.*

1 *Man.* And 'till the tears, that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a Lord, indeed;
And not a Tinker, nor *Christopher Sly*.
Well, bring our Lady hither to our sight,
And once again, a pot o'th' smallest ale.

2 *Man.* Will't please your Mightiness to wash your hands?
Oh, how we joy to see your wits restor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Man.* Oh, yes, my Lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the Hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the Leet,
Because she bought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house,

3 *Man.* Why, Sir, you know no house; nor no such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up;
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps of Greece*,
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. By th' Mass, I think I am a Lord indeed.
What is thy name?

Man.

Man. Sim, an't pleaſe your Honour.

Sly. Sim? that's as much as to ſay, *Simeon* or *Simon*; put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

[*The ſervant gives him drink.*

Enter Lady, *with Attendants.*

I thank thee;——thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough. Where's my wife?

Lady. Here, noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me huſband? My men ſhould call me lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my Lord and huſband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or *Joan* madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo lords call ladies.

Sly. Come, ſit down on my knee. *Sim,* drink to her. Madam wife, they ſay, that I have dream'd, and ſlept above ſome fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone:—Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed. *Sim,* drink to her.

Lady. Thrice-noble Lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet;
For your Phyſicians have expreſly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed;
I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long; but I would be loath to fall into my dream again: I will therefore tarry in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your Honour's Players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedy;
For ſo your Doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood;
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy.
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment;
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play; is it not a Commodity? a *Chriſtmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Sly. What, houſhold ſtuff?

Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: come, Madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip, we ſhall ne'er be younger.

The TAMING *of the* SHREW.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in* PADUA.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio *and* Tranio.

LUCENTIO.

TRanio, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua*, nurſery of arts,
I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy*, (6)
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good-will, and thy good company:
Moſt truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply inſtitute
A courſe of learning and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my Being; and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio his ſon, brought up in *Florence*,

(6) *I am arriv'd* for *fruitful* Lombardy,] Tho' all the Impreſſions concur in this, I take it to be a Blunder of the Editors, and not of the Author. *Padua* is not in *Lombardy*; but *Piſa*, from which *Lucentio* comes, is really in thoſe Territories.

It

It ſhall become to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue and that part of philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs
By virtue ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind, for I have *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.
Tra., *Mi pardonata*, gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf:
Glad, that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy:
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or, ſo devote to *Ariſtotle*'s checks,
As *Ovid* be an outcaſt quite abjur'd.
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practiſe rhetorick in your common talk;
Muſick and Poeſie uſe to quicken you;
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphyſicks,
Fall to them, as you find your ſtomach ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well doſt thou adviſe;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what company is this?
Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptiſta *with* Catharina *and* Bianca, Gremio *and* Hortenſio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *ſtand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen Both, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd, you know;
That is, not to beſtow my youngeſt Daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder;

If

If either of you both love *Catharina*,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather.—— She's too rough for me:
There, there, *Hortenſio*, will you any wife?
Catb. I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a Stale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates for you;
Unleſs you were of gentler, milder, mould.
Catb. I'faith, Sir, you ſhall never need to fear,
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool,
Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord deliver us.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Huſh, maſter, here's ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's ſilence I do ſee *aſide,*
Maid's mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, *Tranio*.
Tra. Well ſaid, maſter; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid, *Bianca*, get you in;
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good *Bianca*;
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.
Catb. A pretty Peat! it is beſt put finger in the eye, an ſhe knew why.
Bian. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books and inſtruments ſhall be my company,
On them to look, and practiſe by my ſelf.
Luc. Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'ſt hear *Minerva* ſpeak. *aſide.*
Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptiſta*, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd:
Go in, *Bianca*.——— [*Exit* Bianca.
And for I know, ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry;
School-maſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you, *Hortenſio*,
Or Signior *Gremio*, you, know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men
I will be very kind; and liberal
To mine own children, in good bringing up;
And ſo farewel: *Catharina*, you may ſtay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [*Exit.*

Cath. Why, and, I truſt, I may go too, may I not? what, ſhall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not ſo great, *Hortenſio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both ſides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my ſweet *Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her That wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her Father.

Hor. So will I, Signior *Gremio*: but a word, I pray; tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd Parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us Both, that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair Miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in *Bianca*'s love, to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a husband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A husband! a devil.———

Hor. I ſay, a husband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil. Think'ſt thou, *Hortenſio*, tho' her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, *Gremio*; tho' it paſs your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition to be whipp'd at the high-croſs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's a ſmall choice in rotten apples: but, come, ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptiſta*'s eldeſt daughter to a husband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a husband, and then have to't afreſh. Sweet *Bianca!* happy man be his dole! he that runs faſteſt gets the ring; how ſay you, Signior *Gremio?*

Gre. I am agreed; and I would I had given him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* Gremio *and* Hortenſio.

Manent Tranio *and* Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it poſſible
That love ſhould on a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found th' effect of Love in idleneſs:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,
(That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was;)
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,
Redime te captum quàm queas minimo.

Luc.

Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents;
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.
Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid,
Perhaps, you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet Beauty in her face;
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the *Cretan* ſtrand.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold, and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. *Tranio*, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her. ——
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance:
I pray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wit t' atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:
Her eldeſt Siſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That 'till the Father rids his hands of her,
Maſter, your Love muſt live a Maid at home:
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd with ſuitors.
Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel Father's he!
But art thou not advis'd he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchool-maſters t' inſtruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.
Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchool-maſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio*'s ſon,
Keep houſe, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Baſta; — content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maſter: then it follows thus.
Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio*, in my ſtead;
Keep houſe, and port, and ſervants, as I ſhould.
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Piſa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo: *Tranio*, at once
Uncaſe thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak.
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, good Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For ſo your Father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my Son, quoth he,)
Altho', I think, 'twas in another ſenſe;
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio, be ſo; becauſe *Lucentio* loves;
And let me be a ſlave t' atchieve that Maid,
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you? maſter, has my fellow *Tranio* ſtoll'n your cloaths, or you ſtoll'n his, or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jeſt;
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his:
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and, fear, I am deſcry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
While I make way from hence to ſave my life.
You underſtand me?

Bion.

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit. ———

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth; *Tranio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him: 'Would, I were ſo too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after; that *Lucentio*, indeed, had *Baptiſta*'s youngeſt Daughter. But, ſirrah, not for my ſake, but your maſter's, I adviſe you, uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: when I am alone, why, then I am *Tranio*; but in all places elſe, your maſter *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more reſts, that thy ſelf execute, to make one among theſe wooers; if thou ask me why, ſufficeth, my reaſons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *before* Hortenſio's *Houſe*, *in* Padua.

Enter Petruchio, *and* Grumio.

Pet. *Verona*, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloved and approved friend,
Hortenſio; and I trow, this is the houſe;
Here, ſirrah, *Grumio*, knock, I ſay,

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom ſhould I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your Worſhip?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I, Sir,
That I ſhould knock you here, Sir?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well; or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My maſter is grown quarrelſome: I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after, who comes by the worſt.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, ſirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll try how you can *Sol*, *Fa*, and ſing it.
[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Gru. Help, maſters, help; my maſter is mad.

Pet. Now knock, when I bid you: Sirrah! Villain!

Enter Hortenſio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio!* how do you all at *Verona?*

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, come you to part the fray? *Con tutto il Core ben trovato*, may I ſay.

Hor. *Alla noſtra Caſa ben venuto, molto honorato Signor mio* Petruchio.

Riſe, *Grumio*, riſe; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice, look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, Sir? Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo, being, perhaps, for aught I ſee, two and thirty, a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain! — Good *Hortenſio*,
I bid the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! ſpake you not theſe words plain? ſirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly: and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant *Grumio*;
And tell me now, ſweet Friend, what happy Gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona?*

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home;
Where ſmall experience grows, but in a few.
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my father is deceas'd;
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,
Happly to wive and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,

And

And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel,
And yet, I'll promiſe thee, ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, 'twixt ſuch friends as us
Few words ſuffice; and therefore if you know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife;
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance)
Be ſhe as foul as was *Florentius*' love,
As old as *Sibyl*, and as curſt and ſhrewd
As *Socrates*' *Xantippe*, or a worſe,
She moves me not; or not removes, at leaſt,
Affection's edge in me. Were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriatick* Seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily, in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old Trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes; why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo many comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we are ſtept thus far in,
I will continue That I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;
Brought up, as beſt becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that ſhe is intolerably curſt;
And ſhrewd, and froward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That, were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a Mine of gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect;
Tell me her Father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her Father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman;
Her name is *Catharina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her Father, tho' I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed Father well.
I will not ſleep, *Hortenſio*, 'till I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour laſts. O' my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; an' he begin onee, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, an' ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat: you know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſta*'s houſe my Treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt Daughter, beautiful *Bianca*;
(7) And her withholds he from me, and others more
Suitors to her, and Rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever *Catharina* will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* ta'en,
That none ſhall have acceſs unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Catharine* the curſt have got a husband.

Gru. *Catharine* the curſt?
A title for a maid of all titles the worſt!

(7) *And her withholds he from me. Other more Suitors to her, and Rivals in my Love:* &c.] The Editors, in this Careleſsneſs of their Pointing, have made ſtark Nonſenſe of this Paſſage. The Regulation, which I have given to the Text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*.

Her.

Hor. Now ſhall my Friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguis'd in ſober robes
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchool-maſter,
Well ſeen in muſick, to inſtruct *Bianca*;
That ſo I may by this device, at leaſt,
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her;
And, unſuſpected, court her by her ſelf.

Enter Gremio, *and* Lucentio *diſguis'd.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! ſee, to beguile the old folks how the young folks lay their heads together. Maſter, look about you: who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, 'tis the Rival of my love. *Petruchio*, ſtand by a while.

Gru. A proper Stripling, and an amorous.——

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,
All books of love; ſee That, at any hand;
And ſee, you read no other lectures to her:
You underſtand me——Over and beſide
Signior *Baptiſta*'s liberality,
I'll mend it with a largeſs. Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume it ſelf,
To whom they go: what will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my Patron, ſtand you ſo aſſured;
As firmly, as your ſelf were ſtill in place;
Yea, and, perhaps, with more ſucceſsful words
Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, Sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. Oh this woodcock, what an aſs it is!——

Pet. Peace, Sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum! God ſave you, Signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortenſio*. Trow you, whither I am going? to *Baptiſta Minola*; I promiſ'd to enquire carefully about a ſchool-maſter for the fair *Bianca*; and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man; for Learning and Behaviour fit for her turn, well read in Poetry, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair *Bianca*, ſo belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds ſhall prove.
Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Liſten to me; and, if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to wooe curſt *Catharine*;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well;——
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, ſhe is an irkſome brawling Scold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, ſayeſt me ſo, friend? what Countryman?
Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s Son;
My Father's dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to ſee.
Gre. Oh, Sir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife were ſtrange;
But if you have a ſtomach, to't, o' God's name:
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you wooe this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he wooe her? ay, or I'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half ſo great a blow to hear,
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?

Tuſh,

Tuſh, tuſh, fear boys with bugs.
Gru. For he fears none.———
Gre. Hortenſio, hark:
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind preſumes, for his own good, and ours.
Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors;
And bear his charge of wooing whatſoe'er.
Gre. And ſo we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would, I were as ſure of a good dinner.

To them Tranio *bravely apparell'd, and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God ſave you. If I may be bold, tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way to the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola?*
Bion. He, that has the two fair Daughters: is't he you mean?
Tra. Even he, *Biondello*.
Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her, to———
Tra. Perhaps, him and her; what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, Sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word, ere you go:
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?
Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know:
That ſhe's the choice love of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of Signior *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Softly, my maſters; if you be gentlemen,
Do me this Right; hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all unknown;
And, were his Daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair *Leda*'s Daughter had a thouſand wooers;

Then

Then well One more may fair *Bianca* have,
And ſo ſhe ſhall. *Lucentio* ſhall make one,
Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all!
Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever ſee *Baptiſta*'s Daughter?
Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do, that he hath two:
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modeſty.
Pet. Sir, Sir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*;
And let it be more than *Alcides*' twelve.
Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth:
The youngeſt Daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors,
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the eldeſt Siſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be ſo, Sir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed us all, and me amongſt the reſt;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Atchieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs; whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive:
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.
Tra. (8) Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack; in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe

(8) *Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack; in ſign whereof,*
Pleaſe you, we may contrive *this Afternoon,*]
What were they to *contrive?* Or how is it any Teſtimony of *Tranio*'s conſenting to be *liberal*, that he will join in *contriving* with them? In ſhort, a fooliſh Corruption poſſeſſes the Place, that quite ſtrips the Poet of his intended Humour. *Tranio* is but a ſuppos'd Gentleman: His Habit is all the *Gentility* he has about him: and the Poet, I am perſuaded, meant that the

Pleaſe ye, we may convive this afternoon,
And quaff carouſes to our Miſtreſs' health;
And do as adverſaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! fellows, let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

[*The Preſenters, above, ſpeak here.*

1 Man. *My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the Play.*

Sly. *Yea, by St. Ann, do I: a good matter, ſurely! comes there any more of it?*

Lady. *My Lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady. 'Would 'twere done!* ———

ACT II.

SCENE, Baptiſta's *Houſe in* Padua.

Enter Catharina *and* Bianca.

BIANCA.

GOOD Siſter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourſelf,
To make a bond-maid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain; (9) but for theſe other Gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf;

the *Servingman*'s Qualities ſhould break out upon him; and that his Mind ſhould rather run on *good Cheer* than *Contrivances*. The Word is regularly deriv'd from *Convivium* and *convivor* of the *Latines*.

(9) ——— *But for theſe other* Goods,] This is ſo trifling and unexpreſſive a Word, that, I am ſatisfied our Author wrote, *Gawds*, (i. e. Toys, trifling Ornaments;) a Term that he frequently uſes and ſeems fond of.

Yea,

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
Or, what you will command me, will I do;
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Cath. Of all thy Suitors here, I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.
Bian. Believe me, Siſter, of all men alive
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face,
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Cath. Minion, thou lieſt; is't not *Hortenſio*?
Bian. If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear,
I'll plead for you myſelf, but you ſhall have him.
Cath. Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do ſo envy me?
Nay, then you jeſt; and now, I well perceive,
You have but jeſted with me all this while;
I pr'ythee, ſiſter *Kate*, untie my hands.
Cath. If That be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this inſolence?
Bianca, ſtand aſide; poor girl, ſhe weeps;
Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.
For ſhame, thou hilding of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?
Cath. Her ſilence flouts me; and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* Bianca.
Bap. What, in my ſight? *Bianca*, get thee in.
[*Exit* Bianca.
Cath. Will you not ſuffer me? nay, now I ſee,
She is your treaſure; ſhe muſt have a husband;
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell:
Talk not to me, I will go ſit and weep,
'Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit* Cath.
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd, as I?
But who comes here?

Enter

Enter Gremio, Lucentio *in the habit of a mean man*; Petruchio *with* Hortenſio, *like a muſician*; Tranio *and* Biondello *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptiſta.*

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio*: God ſave you, gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir; pray, have you not a daughter call'd *Catharina*, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd *Catharina.*

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave.
I am a gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,
That hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and baſhful modeſty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to ſhew myſelf a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſs
Of that Report, which I ſo oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
[*Preſenting* Hor.
I do preſent you with a man of mine,
Cunning in muſick, and the mathematicks,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof, I know, ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong.
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua.*

Bap. You're welcome, Sir, and he for your good ſake.
But for my daughter *Catharine*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I ſee, you do not mean to part with her;
Or elſe you like not of my company.

Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but what I find.
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, *Antonio*'s ſon,
A man well known throughout all *Italy.*

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.

Gre. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray, let us, that are

are poor petitioners, ſpeak too. *Baccalare!* —— you are marvellous forward. (10)

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing. (11)

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curſe your wooing. —— Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am ſure of it. To expreſs the like kindneſs myſelf, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young ſcholar, that hath been long ſtudying at *Reims*, [*Preſenting* Luc.] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other Languages, as the other in muſick and mathematicks; his name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his ſervice.

Bap. A thouſand thanks, Signior *Gremio*: welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks, you walk like a ſtranger; [*To* Tranio.] may I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldneſs is mine own, That, being a ſtranger in this City here,

(10) Baccare, *you are marvellous forward.*] But not ſo forward, as our Editors are indolent and acquieſcing. This is a ſtupid Corruption of the Preſs, that None of them have div'd into. We muſt read, *Baccalare*, as Mr. *Warburton* acutely obſerv'd to me; by which the *Italians* mean, Thou arrogant, preſumptuous Man! The Word is uſed ſcornfully, upon any One that would aſſume a Port of Grandeur and high Repute.

(11) *Oh, pardon me, Signior* Gremio, *I would fain be doing.*

Gre. *I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curſe your wooing. Neighbours. This is a Gift*;] It would be very unreaſonable, after ſuch a number of Inſtances, to ſuſpect, the Editors ever dwelt on the meaning of any Paſſage: But why ſhould *Petruchio* curſe his *wooing Neighbours?* They were none of them his Rivals: Nor, tho' he ſhould curſe his own Match afterwards, did he commence his Courtſhip on their Accounts. In ſhort, *Gremio* is deſign'd to anſwer to *Petruchio* in doggrel Rhyme, to this purpoſe. —— "Yes; I know, you would fain be doing; but "you'll cope with ſuch a Devil, that You'll have Reaſon to "curſe your Wooing." —— and then immediately turns his Diſcourſe to *Baptiſta*, whom he calls *Neighbour*, (as he had done before at the Beginning of this Scene,) and makes his Preſent to him.

Do make my self a suitor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous:
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request;
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple Instrument,
And this small packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[*They greet privately.*

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of *Pisa*, Sir, son to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mighty man of *Pisa*; by Report
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.
Take You the lute, and you the Set of books,

[*To* Hortensio *and* Lucentio.

You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within! ———

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them Both,
These are their tutors, bid them use them well.

[*Exit Ser. with* Hortensio *and* Lucentio.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so, I pray you all, to think your selves.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of

Her

Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever;
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and wooe not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou wooe, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds:
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio *with his head broke.*

Bap. How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you them? quoth she; I'll fume with them:
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my Pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me rascal, fidler,

And

And twangling *Jack*, with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.
Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lufty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh, how I long to have ſome chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited,
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you?
Pet. I pray you, do. I will attend her here,
[*Exit.* Bap. *with* Grem. Horten. *and* Tranio.
And wooe her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frowns; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew;
Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility;
And ſay, ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As tho' ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall ask the banes, and when be married?
But here ſhe comes, and now, *Petruchio*, ſpeak.

Enter Catharina.

Good morrow, *Kate*; for that's your name, I hear.
Cath. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing.
They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*;
And bonny *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in chriſtendom,
Kate of *Kate-hall*, my ſuper-dainty *Kate*;
(For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*;
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation!
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every Town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,

Yet

Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs:
My ſelf am mov'd to wooe thee for my wife.
Catb. Mov'd? in good time; let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Catb. A join'd-ſtool.
Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come, ſit on me.
Catb. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Catb. No ſuch jade, Sir, as you; if me you mean.
Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee;
For knowing thee to be but young and light——
Catb. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be.
Pet. Should *bee*;——ſhould *buz*.——
Catb. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh, ſlow-wing'd turtle, ſhall a buzzard take thee?
Catb. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you waſp, i'faith, you are too angry.
Catb. If I be waſpiſh, 'beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My Remedy is then to pluck it out.
Catb. Ah, if the fool could find it, where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not, where a waſp doth wear his ſting?
In his tail.——
Catb. In his tongue.
Pet. Whoſe tongue?
Catb. Yours, if you talk of tails; and ſo farewel.
Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.
Catb. That I'll try. [*She ſtrikes him.*
Pet. I ſwear, I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.
Catb. So may you loſe your arms.
If you ſtrike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then, no arms.

Pet.

Pet. A herald, *Kate?* oh, put me in thy books.
Cath. What is your creſt, a coxcomb?
Pet. A combleſs cock, ſo *Kate* will be my hen.
Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, *Kate*; come, you muſt not look ſo ſower.
Cath. It is my faſhion when I ſee a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not ſo ſower.
Cath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then, ſhew it me.
Cath. Had I a glaſs, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Cath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.——
Pet. Now, by St. *George*, I am too young for you.
Cath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with Cares.
Cath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate*; in ſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.
Cath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find Report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſom, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers,
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſcance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk:
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conf'rence, ſoft and affable.
Why doth the world report, that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh ſland'rous world! *Kate*, like the hazle twig,
Is ſtraight and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.
Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.
Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gaite?
O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaſt, and *Dian* ſportful!——

Cath.

Cath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?
Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.
Cath. A witty mother, witleſs elſe her ſon.
Pet. Am I not wiſe?
Cath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Why, ſo I mean, ſweet *Catharine*, in thy bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath conſented,
That you ſhall be my wife; your dow'ry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well;)
Thou muſt be married to no man but me.
For I am he, am born to tame you, *Kate*;
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other houſhold *Kates*;
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I muſt and will have *Catharine* to my Wife.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, *and* Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter *Catharine*, in your dumps?
Cath. Call you me daughter? now, I promiſe you,
You've ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick;
A madcap ruffian, and a ſwearing *Jack*,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus; your ſelf and all the World,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy,
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, ſhe will prove a ſecond *Griſſel*;
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chaſtity.
And, to conclude, we've 'greed ſo well together,

That

That upon *Sunday* is the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll ſee thee hang'd on *Sunday* firſt.

Gre. Hark: *Petruchio!* ſhe ſays, ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night, our part!

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuſe her for my ſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me; oh, the kindeſt *Kate!*——
She hung about my neck, and kiſs on kiſs
She vy'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to ſee,
How tame (when men and women are alone)
A meacock wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew.
Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day;
Father, provide the feaſt, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure, my *Catharine* ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay, but give your hands;
God ſend you joy, *Petruchio!* 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,
We will have rings and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, *Kate*, we will be married o' *Sunday*.

[*Ex.* Petruchio, *and* Catharine *ſeverally*.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.

Bap. The gain I ſeek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now, *Baptiſta*, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.

Tra.

Tra. And I am one, that love *Bianca* more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.
Gre. Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.
Bap. Content you, Gentlemen, I will compound this ſtrife;
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize; and he, of Both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have *Bianca*'s love.——
Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapeſtry;
In ivory coffers I have ſtuft my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpanes,
Coſtly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linnen, *Turkey* cuſhions boſs'd with pearl;
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;
Pewter and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſe-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls;
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
My ſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs,
And if I die to morrow, this is hers;
If, whilſt I live, ſhe would be only mine.
Tra. That *only* came well in——Sir, liſt to me;
I am my father's heir, and only ſon;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which ſhall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio*?

Gre.

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land! (12)
My land amounts but to so much in all:
That she shall have, besides an *Argosie*
That now is lying in *Marseilles*'s road.
What, have I choakt you with an *Argosie*?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great *Argosies*, besides two galliasses
And twelve tight gallies; these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, then I am thus resolv'd:
On *Sunday* next, you know,

(12) Gre. *Two thousand Ducats by the year of Land!*
My Land amounts not *to so much in all:*
That she shall have, and————]

Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, surely, if We examine the Reasoning, something will be found wrong. *Gremio* is startled at the high Settlement *Tranio* proposes; says, his whole Estate in Land can't match it, yet he'll settle so much a Year upon her, &c. This is Mock-reasoning, or I don't know what to call it. The Change of the *negative* in the 2d Line, which Mr. *Warburton* prescrib'd, salves the Absurdity, and sets the Passage right. *Gremio* and *Tranio* are vyeing in their Offers to carry *Bianca*: The latter boldly proposes to settle Land to the Amount of 2000 Ducats *per Annum*. Ay, says the Other; My whole Estate in Land amounts *but* to that Value: yet she shall have *That*: I'll endow her with the *Whole*; and consign a rich Vessel to her Use, over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to outbid his Rival.

My daughter *Catharine* is to be married:
Now on the *Sunday* following shall *Bianca*
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior *Gremio:*
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all; and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!
An old *Italian* fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason, but suppos'd *Lucentio*
May get a father, call'd, suppos'd *Vincentio;*
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

——[The Presenters, above, speak here.

Sly. Sim, *when will the fool come again?*

Sim. *Anon, my Lord.*

Sly. *Give's some more drink here——where's the tapster? here,* Sim, *eat some of these things.*

Sim. *So I do, my Lord.*

Sly. *Here,* Sim, *I drink to thee.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Lucentio, Hortenſio, *and* Bianca.

LUCENTIO.

FIdler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Catharine* welcom'd you withal?
Hor. [She is a Shrew, but,] Wrangling Pedant, this is (13)
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo far
To know the cauſe why muſick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the mind of man
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And, while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe Braves of thine.
Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for That which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar in the ſchools;

(13) —— *Wrangling Pedant, this*
The Patroneſs of heavenly Harmony.]
There can be no Reaſon, why *Hortenſio* ſhould begin with an Hemiſtich; the Words, which I have added to fill the Verſe, being purely by Conjecture, and ſupply'd by the Senſe that ſeems requir'd, without any Traces of a corrupted Reading left, to authorize or found them upon; I have for that Reaſon incloſed them within Crotchets, to be embraced or rejected, at every Reader's pleaſure.

I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe myſelf;
And to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down,
Take you your inſtrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?
[Hortenſio *retires.*

Luc. That will be never: tune your inſtrument.

Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hac ibat Simois, hic eſt Sigeia tellus,*
Hic ſtetterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.

Bian. Conſtrue them.

Luc. Hac ibat, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio, hic eſt*, ſon unto *Vincentio* of *Piſa, Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your love, *hic ſtetterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio, regia*, bearing my port, *celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee, if I can conſtrue it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic eſt Sigeia tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſtetterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, preſume not, *celſa ſenis*, deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
How fiery and how froward is our Pedant!
Now, for my life that knave doth court my love;
Pedaſcule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt. (14)

Luc. Miſtruſt it not,——for, ſure, *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd ſo from his grandfather.

(14) *In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.*] This and the ſeven Verſes, that follow, have in all the Editions been ſtupidly ſhuffled and miſplac'd to wrong Speakers; ſo that every Word ſaid was glaringly out of Character.

Bian. I muſt believe my maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt;
But let it reſt. Now, *Licio*, to you:
Good maſters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.
Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My leſſons make no muſick in three parts.
Luc. Are you ſo formal, Sir? well, I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine muſician groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am paſt my *Gamut* long ago.
Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortenſio*.
Bian. [*reading.*] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,
Are, to plead *Hortenſio*'s paſſion;
B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,
C faut, that loves with all affection;
D ſol re, one cliff, but two notes have I.
Elami, ſhow pity, or I die.
Call you this *Gamut*? tut, I like it not;
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I'm not ſo nice (15)
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And

(15) *Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt: I'm not ſo nice*
To change true Rules for new Inventions.]
This is Senſe and the Meaning of the Paſſage; but the Reading of the Second Verſe, for all that, is ſophiſticated. The genuine Copies all concur in Reading,
To change true Rules for old Inventions.

And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewel, ſweet maſters, both; I muſt be gone.
[*Exit.*

Luc. Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay.
[*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant,
Methinks, he looks as tho' he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wandring eyes on every Stale;
Seize thee, who liſt; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Catharina, Lucentio, Bianca, *and attendants.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married;
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law.
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,
To want the Bridegroom, when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?

Cath. No ſhame, but mine; I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of ſpleen;
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour:
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor *Catharine*,
And ſay, lo! there is mad *Petruchio*'s wife,

This, indeed, is contrary to the very Thing it ſhould expreſs: But the eaſy Alteration, which I have made, reſtores the Senſe, and adds a Contraſt in the Terms perfectly juſt. *True* Rules are oppos'd to *odd* Inventions; i. e. *Whimſies.*

If

If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Catharine*, and *Baptista* too:
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well;
Whate'er fortune stays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise:
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Would *Catharine* had never seen him tho'! [*Exit weeping.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a Saint,
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, Master; old news, and such news as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio*'s coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points; his horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides, possest with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, waid in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-check't bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which being restrain'd,

to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repair'd with knots; one girt ſix times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe, with a linnen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt, an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparel, and not like a chriſtian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoever he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came not?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I ſay, his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio *fantaſtically habited.*

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not ſo well 'parell'd, as I wiſh you were.

Pet. Were it better, I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is *Kate?* where is my lovely bride?
How does my Father? Gentles, methinks, you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?

Bap.

Bap. Why, Sir, you know, this is your wedding day:
First, were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now, ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
Tra. And tell us what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Tho' in ſome part enforced to digreſs,
Which at more leiſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But, where is *Kate?* I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your Bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.
Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll viſit her.
Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me ſhe's married, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I could change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myſelf.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good-morrow to my Bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs? [*Exit.*
Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him, and ſee the event of this. [*Exit.*
Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her Father's liking; which, to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted to your Worſhip,
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be,
It ſkills not much; we'll fit him to our turn;)
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make aſſurance here in *Padua*
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed:

So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet *Bianca* with conſent.
Luc. Were it not, that my fellow ſchool-maſter
Doth watch *Bianca*'s ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay, no,
I'll keep my own, deſpight of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:
We'll over-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow-prying Father *Minola*,
The quaint muſician amorous *Licio*;
All for my maſter's ſake, *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Now, Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.
Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A Bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.
Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut, ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*; when the Prieſt
Should aſk, if *Catharine* ſhould be his wife?
Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all amaz'd, the Prieſt let fall the book;
And, as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any lift.
Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he roſe up again?
Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
H'ad been aboard carowſing to his Mates
After a ſtorm; quaff'd off the muſcadel,

And

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other cause, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
His sops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The Bride about the neck, and kiss her lips
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd; and I seeing this,
Came thence for very shame; and after me,
I know, the rout is coming: Such a mad marriage
Ne'er was before.—Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels.
[*Musick plays.*

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortensio, *and* Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is't possible, you will away to night?
Pet. I must away to day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would intreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest Company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my self
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewel to you all.
Tra. Let us intreat you stay 'till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Cra. Let me intreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Cath. Let me intreat you.
Pet. I am content ——
Cath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content, you shall intreat me, stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.
Cath. Now, if you love me, stay,
Pet. *Grumio*, my horses.

Grum.

Gru. Ay, Sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horſes.

Cath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to day;
No, nor to morrow, nor 'till I pleaſe my ſelf:
The door is open, Sir, there lyes your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not go, 'till I pleaſe my ſelf:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

Pet. O *Kate*, content thee, pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry; what haſt thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.

Gre. Ay, marry, Sir; now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.

Pet. They ſhall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.
Obey the Bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer;
Carouſe full meaſure to her maiden-head;
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtampt, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her who ever dare,
I'll bring my action on the proudeſt he,
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee,
Kate;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million.

[*Exeunt* Pet. *and* Cath.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

Tra.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.
Luc. Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your Siſter?
Bian. That, being mad her ſelf, ſhe's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bride-groom want
For to ſupply the places at the table:
You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt:
Lucentio, you ſupply the Bridegroom's place;
And let *Bianca* take her Siſter's room.
Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?
Bap. She ſhall, *Lucentio*. Gentlemen, let's go.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, Petruchio's *Country Houſe.*

Enter Grumio.

GRUMIO.

FIE, fie on all tired jades, and all mad maſters, and all foul ways! was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo raide? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before, to make a fire; and they are coming after, to warm them: now were I not a little pot, and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire ſhall warm my ſelf; for conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, hoa, *Curtis!*

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls ſo coldly?
Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide

ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis*.

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore fire, fire; caſt on no water.

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a Shrew, as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before this froſt; but thou know'ſt, winter tames man, woman and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and myſelf, fellow *Curtis*.

Curt. Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, my horn is a foot, and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs, whoſe hand, ſhe being now at hand, thou ſhalt ſoon feel to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

Gru. Why, *Jack* boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of conycatching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extream cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſervingmen in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? be the *Jacks* fair within, the *Jills* fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. Firſt, know, my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtreſs fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru.

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good *Grumio.*

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a senſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſtning. Now I begin; *imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs.

Curt. Both on one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale. ——— But hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe: thou ſhould'ſt have heard in how miry a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horſe upon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore, how ſhe pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt; how I loſt my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop*, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'ſie with their left legs, and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, 'till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems, that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five ſerving-men.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home. *Grumio.*

Phil. How now, *Grumio?*

Joſ. What, *Grumio!*

Nich. Fellow *Grumio!*

Nath. How now, old lad.

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready; how near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——cock's paſſion, ſilence!——I hear my maſter.

Enter Petruchio *and* Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? what, no man at doors to hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe? where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?*

All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir!
You loggerheaded and unpoliſh'd grooms:
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, Sir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You peaſant ſwain, you whoreſon, malt-horſe drudge,
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel*'s pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel;
There was no link to colour *Peter*'s hat,
And *Walter*'s dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam, Ralph*, and *Gregory*;

The

The reſt were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.
[*Exeunt Servants.*
Where is the life that late I led? [*Singing.*
Where are thoſe ——— ſit down, *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud!

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I ſay? nay, good ſweet *Kate*, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when?

It was the Friar of Orders grey, [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, *Kate*: ſome water, here; what hoa!

Enter one with water.

Where's my ſpaniel *Troilus*? firrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One, *Kate*, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.
Where are my ſlippers? ſhall I have ſome water?
Come, *Kate*, and waſh, and welcome heartily:
You, whoreſon villain, will you let it fall?
Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreſon, beatle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:
Come, *Kate*, ſit down; I know, you have a ſtomach.
Will you give thanks, ſweet *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I?
What's this, mutton?
1 *Ser.* Yes.
Pet. Who brought it?
Ser. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meat:
What dogs are theſe? where is the raſcal cook?
How durſt you, villains, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:
[*Throwing the meat, &c. about the Stage.*

You

You heedleſs jolt-heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.
Cath. I pray you, husband, be not ſo diſquiet;
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.
Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expreſly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did faſt,
Since, of our ſelves, our ſelves are cholerick,
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh:
Be patient, for to morrow't ſhall be mended,
And for this night we'll faſt for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exe.*

Enter Servants ſeverally.

Nath. Peter, didſt ever ſee the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.
Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, *a Servant.*

Curt. In her chamber, making a ſermon of continency to her,
And rails and ſwears, and rates; that ſhe, poor ſoul,
Knows not whicſt way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak,
And ſits as one new-riſen from a dream.
Away, away, for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My falcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty,
And till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full-gorg'd,
For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's Call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to day, nor none ſhall eat,
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to night ſhall not:
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed.

And

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, that way the sheets;
Ay; and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness; ——
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter Tranio *and* Hortensio.

TRANIO.

IS't possible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca* (16)
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?

I tell

(16) *Is't possible, friend* Licio, &c.] This Scene, Mr. *Pope*, upon what Authority I can't pretend to guess, has in his Editions made the *First* of the *Fifth* Act: In doing which, he has shewn the very Power and Force of Criticism. The Consequence of this judicious Regulation is, that two unpardonable Absurdities are fix'd upon the Author, which he could not possibly have committed. For, in the first place, by this shuffling the Scenes out of their true Position, we find *Hortensio*, in the fourth Act, already gone from *Baptista*'s to *Petruchio*'s Country-house; and afterwards in the Beginning of the Fifth Act we find him first forming the Resolution of quitting *Bianca*; and *Tranio* immediately informs Us, he is gone to the *Taming-School* to *Petruchio*. There is a Figure, indeed, in Rhetorick, call'd, ὕστερον πρότερον: But this is an Abuse of it, which the Rhetoricians will never adopt upon Mr. *Pope*'s Authority. Again, by this misplacing, the Pedant makes his first Entrance, and quits the Stage with *Tranio* in order to go and dress himself like *Vincentio*, whom he was to personate: but his Second *Entrance* is upon the very heels of his *Exit*; and without any Interval of

I tell you, Sir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.

Hor. To ſatisfy you, Sir, in what I ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They ſtand by.*

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, maſter, read you? firſt, reſolve me that.

Luc. I read That I profeſs, the art of Love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, maſter of your art!

Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart. [*They retire backward.*

Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now, tell me, I pray, you that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs *Bianca* lov'd none in the world ſo well as *Lucentio.*

Tra. Deſpightful love, unconſtant womankind!
I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Licio*,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But One that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe
For ſuch a One as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a God of ſuch a cullion:
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortenſio.*

Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſwear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiſs and court! ——— Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours,

of an *Act*, or one Word intervening, he comes out again equipp'd like *Vincentio*. If ſuch a Critick be fit to publiſh a Stage-Writer, I ſhall not envy Mr. *Pope's* Admirers, if they ſhould think fit to applaud his Sagacity. I have replac'd the Scenes in that Order, in which I found them in the Old Books. That

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, tho' ſhe intreat.
Fie on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.
Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forſworn her!
For me, that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard.
And ſo farewel, Signior *Lucentio.*
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before. [*Exit* Hor.
Tra. Miſtreſs *Bianca*, bleſs you with ſuch grace,
As longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe:
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forſworn you with *Hortenſio.*
[Lucentio *and* Bianca *come forward.*

Bian. Tranio, you jeſt: but have you both forſworn me?
Tra. Miſtreſs, we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio.*
Tra. I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.
Bian. He ſays ſo, *Tranio.*
Tra. 'Faith, he's gone unto the Taming-ſchool.
Bian. The Taming-ſchool? what, is there ſuch a place?
Tra. Ay, miſtreſs, and *Petruchio* is the maſter;
That teaches tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a Shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello, *running.*

Bion. Oh maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long,

That

That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied (17)
An ancient Angle, going down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello?*

Bion. Master, a mercantant, or else a pedant;
I know not what; but formal in apparel; (18)
In gate and countenance surly like a father.

Luc. And what of him, *Tranio?*

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,
And give him assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*:
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Bian.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir.

Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

(17) ——— *but at last I spied*
An ancient Angel *going down the Hill,*
Will serve the turn.]

Tho' all the printed Copies agree in this Reading, I am confident, that *Shakespeare* intended no Profanation here; nor indeed any Compliment to this old Man who was to be impos'd upon, and made a Property of. The Word I have restor'd, certainly retrieves the Author's Meaning: and means, either in its first Signification, a Burdash; (for the Word is of *Spanish* Extraction, *Ingle*, which is equivalent to *inguen* of the *Latines*;) or, in its metaphorical Sense, a Gull, a Cully, one fit to be made a Tool of.

(18) ——— *but formal in Apparel;*
In Gate and Countenance surely *like a Father.*]

I have made bold to read, *surly*; and *surely*, I believe, I am right in doing so. Our Poet always represents his Pedants, imperious and magisterial. Besides, *Tranio*'s Directions to the Pedant for his Behaviour vouch for my Emendation.

'Tis well; and hold your own in any Case,
With such Austerity *as* longeth *to a Father.*

Ped.

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;
And so to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir? God forbid!
And come to *Padua*, careless of your Life?
Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*; know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at *Venice*, and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, Sir; it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for mony by exchange
From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courtesie,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;
First, tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa*?
Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Pisa* have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.
Biron. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*Aside.*
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*:
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:
Look, that you take upon You as you should.
You understand me, Sir: so shall you stay,
'Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be court'sie, Sir, accept of it.

Ped.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The Patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good:
This by the way I let you underſtand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptiſta*'s daughter here:
In all theſe Circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with Me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you.
[*Exeunt.*

Exeunt Catharina *and* Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forſooth, I dare not for my life.
Cath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould intreat,
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that, which ſpites me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would ſay, if I ſhould ſleep or eat
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death:
I pr'ythee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.
Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?
Cath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.
Gru. I fear, it is too flegmatick a meat:
How ſay you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?
Cath. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell;—I fear, it's cholerick:
What ſay you to a piece of beef and muſtard?
Cath. A diſh, that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.
Cath. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,

Or

Or elſe you get no beef of *Grumio*.
Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the muſtard without the beef.
Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter Petruchio *and* Hortenſio, *with meat.*

Pet. How fares my *Kate?* what, Sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?
Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits; look cheerfully upon me;
Here, love, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſs thy meat myſelf, and bring it thee:
I'm ſure, ſweet *Kate*, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'ſt it not:
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof.
Here, take away the diſh.
Cath. I pray you, let it ſtand.
Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks,
And ſo ſhall mine, before you touch the meat.
Cath. I thank you, Sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are to blame:
Come, miſtreſs *Kate*, I'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortenſio*, if thou loveſt me;—
[*Aſide.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey-love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe,
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:
With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.

What, haſt thou din'd? the taylor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruſſling treaſure.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us ſee theſe ornaments.

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet diſh; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſte.

Cath. Why, Sir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak,
And ſpeak I will. I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or, elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the utmoſt as I pleaſe in words.

Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true, it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin, a bauble, a ſilken pie;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay; come, taylor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, heaven, what maſking ſtuff is here?
What? this a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſlaſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer in a barber's ſhop:

Why,

Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee, ſhe's like to've neither cap nor gown. [*Aſide.*

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Catb. I never ſaw a better-faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tay. She ſays, your Worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O moſt monſtrous arrogance!
Thou lyeſt, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket, thou!
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a skein of thread:
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt:
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your Worſhip is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction.
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tay. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I ſay unto thee, I bid thy maſter cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou lieſt.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compast cape.

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tay. With a trunk-sleeve.

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tay. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, Sir, error i' th' bill: I commanded, the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shoud'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy meet-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, *Grumio*, then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' th' right, Sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for;

Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use!
Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. *Hortensio*, say, thou wilt see the taylor paid. [*Aside.*

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow,
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away,

Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter. [*Exit Tay.*
Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments:
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.
Go call my men, and let us ſtraight to him,
And bring our horſes unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's ſee, I think, 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.
Cath. I dare aſſure you, Sir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be ſupper-time ere you come there.
Pet. It ſhall be ſeven, ere I go to horſe.
Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it; Sirs, let't alone,
I will not go to-day, and ere I do,
It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.
Hor. Why, ſo: this Gallant will command the Sun.
[*Exeunt* Pet. Cath. *and* Hor.
[The Preſenters, above, ſpeak here.]
Lord. *Who's within there?* [Sly *ſleeps.*

Enter Servants.

Aſleep again! go take him eaſily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But ſee, you wake him not in any caſe.

Serv. *It ſhall be done, my Lord; come help to bear him hence.* [*They bear off* Sly.

SCENE, *before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Tranio, *and the Pedant dreſt like* Vincentio.

TRANIO.

SIR, this is the houſe; pleaſe it you, that I call?
Ped. Ay, what elſe! and (but I be deceived,)
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Near twenty years ago in *Genoa*,
Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*. (19)
Tra. 'Tis well, and hold your own in any caſe
With ſuch auſterity as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were ſchool'd.
Tra. Fear you not him; ſirrah, *Biondello*,
Now do your duty throughly, I adviſe you:
Imagine, 'twere the right *Vincentio*.
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta*?
Bion. I told him, that your father was in *Venice*;
And that you look'd for him this day in *Padua*.
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;
Here comes *Baptiſta*; ſet your countenance, Sir.

Enter Baptiſta *and* Lucentio.

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta*, you are happily met;
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;

(19) Tra. *Where we were Lodgers at the* Pegaſus.] This Line has in all the Editions hitherto been given to *Tranio*. But *Tranio* could with no Propriety ſpeak this, either in his aſſum'd or real Character. *Lucentio* was too young to know any thing of lodging with his Father, twenty years before at *Genoa*: and *Tranio* muſt be as much too young, or very unfit to repreſent and perſonate *Lucentio*. I have ventur'd to place the Line to the Pedant, to whom it muſt certainly belong, and is a Sequel of what he was before ſaying.

I

I pray you ſtand, good Father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, ſon. Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him; to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good father's care
To have him match'd; and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, Sir, upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I hear ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay:
Your plainneſs and your ſhortneſs pleaſe me well.
Right true it is, your ſon *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections;
And therefore if you ſay no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dowry,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.
Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know beſt,
Be we affied; and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand;
Bap. Not in my houſe, *Lucentio*; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants;
Beſides, old *Gremio* is hearkning ſtill;
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir,
There doth my father lye; and there this night
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,

My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this, that at ſo ſlender warning
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,
And bid *Bianca* make her ready ſtraight:
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentio*'s wife.

Luc. I pray the Gods ſhe may, with all my heart! [*Exit.*

Tra. Dally not, with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in *Piſa*.

Bap. I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio *and* Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; But h'as left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. *Baptiſta* is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His Daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Prieſt at St. *Luke's* Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect, they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance; take you aſſurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolùm*; to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clerk, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay, But bid *Bianca* farewel for ever and a day.

Luc.

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſly to ſtuff a rabbet; and ſo may you, Sir, and ſo adieu, Sir; my Maſter hath appointed me to go to St. *Luke*'s, to bid the Prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your Appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It ſhall go hard, if *Cambio* go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a green Lane.*

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, *and* Hortenſio.

Pet. COME on, o'God's name, once more tow'rds our Father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the Moon!

Cath. The Moon! the Sun: it is not Moon-light now.

Pet. I ſay, it is the Moon that ſhines ſo bright.

Cath. I know, it is the Sun that ſhines ſo bright.

Pet. Now by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be Moon or Star, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.
Evermore croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt!

Hor. Say, as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.

Cath. Forward, I pray, ſince we are come ſo far,
And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth, I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.

Pet. I ſay, it is the Moon.

Cath. I know, it is the Moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the bleſſed Sun.

Cath. Then, God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed Sun.
But Sun it is not, when you ſay it is not:
And the Moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Catharine*.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy way, the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl ſhould run;
And not unluckily againſt the bias:
But ſoft, ſome company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle miſtreſs, where away? [*To* Vincentio.
Tell me, ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heav'nly face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.
Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.
Cath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away, or where is thy aboad?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!
Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope, thou art not mad?
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as, thou ſay'ſt he is.
Cath Pardon, old Father, my miſtaken eyes;
That have been ſo bedazled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green.
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.
Pet. Do, good old Grandſire, and withal make known
Which way thou travelleſt; if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair Sir, and you, my merry Miſtreſs,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;

My

My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Piſa*;
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle Sir.
Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy ſon:
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving Father:
The Siſter of my Wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeem
The Spouſe of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt Son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do aſſure thee, Father, ſo it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof:
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt* Pet. Cath. *and* Vin.
Hor. Well, *Petruchio*, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortenſio* to be untoward. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *before* Lucentio's *Houſe.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio *and* Bianca, Gremio *walking on one ſide.*

BIONDELLO.

SOftly and ſwiftly, Sir, for the Prieſt is ready.

Luc. I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back, (20) and then come back to my Maſter as ſoon as I can.

Gre. I marvel, *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio *and* Grumio, *with Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio*'s houſe,
My Father's bears more towards the Market-place;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You ſhall not chuſe but drink before you go;
I think, I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're buſie within, you were beſt knock louder. [Pedant *looks out of the window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

(20) *And then come back to my* Miſtreſs *as ſoon as I can.*] The Editions all agree in this reading; but what Miſtreſs was *Biondello* to come back to? He muſt certainly mean; "Nay, "faith, Sir, I muſt ſee you in the Church; and then for fear "I ſhould be wanted, I'll run back to wait on *Tranio*, who at "preſent perſonates you, and whom therefore I at preſent ac-"knowledge for my *Maſter*."

Vin.

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your ſelf, he ſhall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your Son was belov'd in *Padua* Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumſtances, I pray you, tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt; his Father is come to *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, ſo his Mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentleman! why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, he means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the Church together. God ſend 'em good ſhipping! but who is here? mine old Maſter *Vincentio?* now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing* Biondello.

Bion. I hope, I may chuſe, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy Maſter's Father *Vincentio?*

Bion. What, my old worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, Sir, ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeed? [*He beats* Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a madman will murther me.

Ped.

Ped. Help, Son; help, Signior *Baptiſta*.

Pet. Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſie. [*They retire.*

Enter Pedant *with Servants*, Baptiſta *and* Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh, immortal Gods! oh, fine villain! a ſilken doublet, a velvet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloak and a copatain hat: oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good huſband at home, my ſon and my ſervants ſpend all at the Univerſity.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhew a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy Father! oh villain, he is a ſail-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You miſtake, Sir, you miſtake, Sir; pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away, mad aſs! his name is *Lucentio*: and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. Lucentio! oh, he hath murthered his maſter; lay hold of him, I charge you, in the Duke's name; oh, my ſon, my ſon, tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an Officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; Father *Baptiſta*, I charge you, ſee, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to jail?

Gre. Stay, Officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio*: I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptiſta*, leſt you be conycateh'd in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not *Lucentio?*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him!

Enter Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh, monſtrous villain!

Bion. Oh, we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

[*Exeunt* Biondello, Tranio *and* Pedant.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet Father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweet ſon?

Bian. Pardon, dear Father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended; where is *Lucentio?*

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right Son to the right *Vincentio*,
That have by marriage made thy Daughter mine:
While counterfeit ſuppoſers bleer'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſs to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd Villain *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio?*

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles, *Bianca*'s love
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did bear my countenance in the town:
And happily I have arrived at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs;
What *Tranio* did, my ſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet Father, for my ſake.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my Daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin.

Vin. Fear not, *Baptiſta*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy Father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the reſt, Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

[Petruchio *and* Catharina, *advancing.*

Cath. Husband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, *Kate*, and we will.

Cath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?

Cath. No, Sir, God forbid! but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: come, ſirrah, let's away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs; now pray thee, love, ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well? come, my ſweet *Kate*; Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Lucentio's *Apartments.*

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortenſio, *and Widow.* Tranio's *ſervants bringing in a banquet.*

Luc. AT laſt, tho' long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown.
My fair *Bianca*, bid my Father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine;
Brother *Petruchio*, Siſter *Catharine*,
And thou, *Hortenſio*, with thy loving Widow;
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe:
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up
After our great good cheer: pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet.

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!
Bap. *Padua* affords this kindneſs, Son *Petruchio.*
Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, *Hortenſio* fears his Widow.
Wid. Then never truſt me, if I be afeard.
Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe:
I mean, *Hortenſio* is afeard of you.
Wid. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly replied.
Cath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortenſio* that?
Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended; kiſs him for that, good Widow.
Cath. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round ———
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your Husband, being troubled with a Shrew,
Meaſures my Husband's ſorrow by his woe;
And now you know my meaning.
Cath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Cath. And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.
Pet. To her, *Kate.*
Hor. To her, Widow.
Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That's my Office.
Pet. Spoke like an Officer; ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* Hortenſio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.
Bian. Head and butt? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, miſtreſs Bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian.

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll ſleep again.

Pet. Nay, that thou ſhalt not, ſince you have begun:
Have at you for a better jeſt or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh:
And then purſue me, as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* Bianca, Catharine, *and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not;
Therefore, a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.

Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* ſlip'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.

Pet. A good ſwift Simile, but ſomething curriſh.

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your ſelf:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.

Hor. Confeſs, confeſs, hath he not hit you there?

Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, Son *Petruchio*,
I think, thou haſt the veriеſt Shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I ſay, no; and therefore for aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend unto his Wife, and he
Whoſe Wife is moſt obedient to come firſt,
When he doth ſend for her, ſhall win the wager.

Hor. Content;——what wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns.
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who ſhall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go,

Go, *Biondello*, bid your Miſtreſs come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my ſelf.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?
Bion. Sir, my Miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſie and cannot come.
Pet. How? ſhe's buſie and cannot come, is that an anſwer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, Sir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirrah, *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Biondello.
Pet. Oh, ho! intreat her! nay, then ſhe needs muſt come.
Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can.

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?
Bion. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand;
She will not come: ſhe bids you come to her.
Pet. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirrah, *Grumio*, go to your Miſtreſs,
Say, I command her to come to me. [*Exit* Gru.
Hor. I know her anſwer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

Enter Catharina.

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Catharine!*
Cath. What is your will, Sir, that you ſend for me?
Pet Where is your Siſter, and *Hortenſio*'s Wife?
Cath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
[*Exit* Catharina.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder, what it boads.

Pet. Marry, peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy:
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befal thee, good *Petruchio!*
The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns,
Another dowry to another Daughter;
For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new built virtue and obedience.

Enter Catharina, Bianca *and Widow.*

See, where ſhe comes, and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion:
Catharine, that Cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
'Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs.

Bian. Fie, what a fooliſh duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too!
The wiſdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Coſt me an hundred crowns ſince ſupper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. *Catharine*, I charge thee, tell theſe headſtrong Women,
What duty they owe to their Lords and Husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I ſay, and firſt begin with her.

Wid. She ſhall not.

Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall; and firſt begin with her.

Cath.

Cath. Fie! fie! unknit that threatning unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet or amiable.
A Woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will dain to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
Thy Head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her husband:
And when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſower,
And not obedient to his honeſt will;
What is ſhe but a foul contending Rebel,
And graceleſs Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am aſham'd, that Women are ſo ſimple
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But, now I ſee, our launces are but ſtraws,
Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare;

That

That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your Husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiſs me, *Kate.*

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to bed;
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the white;
And being a winner, God give you good night.
[*Exeunt* Petruchio *and* Catharina.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt Shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter two ſervants bearing Sly *in his own apparel, and leaving him on the Stage. Then enter a* Tapſter.

Sly. [*awaking.*] Sim, *give's ſome more wine — what, all the Players gone? am not I a Lord?*

Tap. *A Lord, with a murrain! come, art thou drunk ſtill?*

Sly. *Who's this?* Tapſter! *oh, I have had the braveſt dream that ever thou heard'ſt in all thy life.*

Tap. *Yea, marry, but thou had'ſt beſt get thee home, for your Wife will courſe you for dreaming here all night.*

Sly. *Will ſhe? I know how to tame a Shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou haſt wak'd me out of the beſt dream that ever I had. — But I'll to my Wife and tame her too, if ſhe anger me.*

The End of the Second VOLUME.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

form 419